The Nation.

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The Week.

The State Department gave out on Thursday a statement to the effect that the Peace Commissioners had had a "free discussion"; that the commission goes to Paris "fully prepared to follow a course of action mapped out for it," and that "at the very outset" it will be "made clear to the Spanish Commissioners" that "there can be no deviation from or modification of the demands made by the United States." The reflection must occur to any one who reads this, that under these circumstances there is no need of any Peace Commission at all; but accompanying the dispatch which contains the foregoing is another which contains something very different—the cabinet view. According to the cabinet view, the Commissioners do not go "under ironclad and unchangeable instructions," for "there is a certain amount of flexibility in the instructions."

> "The Peace Commissioners are in no sense mere mouthpieces, but, having chosen with the greatest care and consideration five men in whom he puts the most implicit confidence, the President feels that they are to be trusted with the interests of the United States. It is not expected that they will have a free rein on the larger questions of policy, but, with ample opportunities for consultations by cable and otherwise, there is no reason why the Commissioners should not be able to carry out the desires of the Administration, and at the same time have the opportunity to shape those desires somewhat by conveying any information they may secure."

There is unquestionably a good deal of flexibility somewhere. The fact of the matter is that these Commissioners, though they may have some latitude left them as to details, will be controlled by telegraph from Washington. They are not in any proper sense of the word free agents, and the responsibility for what they do rests on the President. It will be his treaty of peace when it is signed, and the function of three of the Peace Commissioners will be to get it through the Senate. The part played in the matter by Mr. Gray will be watched with interest. He was put on as a Democrat, no doubt for the purpose of securing Democratic votes in the Senate. He is supposed to be a non-expansionist, and his appointment caused a good deal of disgust in the expansionist camp.

The difficulty Mr. McKinley finds in getting good men to serve on his war-investigation committee comes evidently from its being recognized as a farce. It is a farce, because the President, having power, as Commander-in-Chief, to order a real judicial investigation and bring out the facts, attempts to call into existence a board with no more powers than a number of reporters would have, whom any one can "stuff" with any information he pleases, and to whom any one can refuse any information that he dislikes to give. The conclusions of such a board would not be of any higher value than the conclusions any one can reach for himself by reading the newspapers. The result is that the President's scheme of investigation thus far pleases nobody, least of all those who are asked to serve, which is usually the result of trying to please everybody.

Gen. Shafter's report on the battle of Santiago, or so much of it as has been made public, adds little to our knowledge of the military situation which confronted him. As we said at the time, it is impossible to make the public take interest in technical criticisms of a campaign which ended in such overwhelming success. Yet Gen. Shafter writes in part for military experts, as is evident from the explanation which he gives of his decision to assault intrenched troops after only a hurried and imperfect reconnoissance, and with a wholly inadequate supply of artillery. His defence is the only possible one. It was a choice of evils with him, he says. To have got his artillery to the front would have been the work of days, considering the impassable roads and the tropical climate and daily deluges of rain. Meanwhile, sickness was beginning to make inroads among the troops. There was also the danger that a storm might any day scatter his transports and so cut off his supplies. Moreover, it was important to anticipate the arrival of Spanish reinforcements. All these reasons led him to decide on the desperate plan of direct assault; and it cannot be denied that, if he states the whole case, his decision was justifiable on military grounds as well as by the transcendent victory which came in the end.

But does Gen. Shafter state the whole case? There was a passage in Admiral Sampson's report which has been little noticed, but which is highly significant in this connection. The commander of the fleet outlined the plan of campaign which he and his officers, from long study of the situation, had agreed to recommend to Gen. Shafter upon his arrival. This was for the army to keep steadily in touch with the ships throughout. The idea was for the men-of-war to shell the shore clear of the enemy as our troops advanced along it; then to have a combined attack by sea and land upon Fort Morro; after which the way would be clear to free the harbor of torpedoes and close in on the Spanish garrison and fleet. This certainly reads like the natural plan of campaign. It would have utilized both arms of the service. It would have given Gen. Shafter the aid of something better than artillery, as the ships could have manœuvred off shore so as to rain a fire of all kinds upon the enemy's front and fortifications. Furthermore, Admiral Sampson reported that Gen. Shafter at first fully accepted this plan, and the fleet supposed it was to be followed. But suddenly, for reasons not given, the army struck off on its own hook across country. Why was this? Was there jealousy of the navy on the part of the army? Did Shafter get orders from Washington to see to it that the laurels should fall to the army? There have been some hints of this, and some sentences in the various reports give color to this disagreeable suspicion. It is one of the subjects which must be referred to the congressional committee of investigation of the conduct of the war, now more imperatively needed than ever; and that committee must get to the bottom of the matter.

It becomes clearer every day that very few soldiers like the prospect of serving in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. Republican organs in New England, like Congressman Barrett's Boston *Advertiser*, maintain that to keep Massachusetts volunteers in Porto Rico, where they are falling victims to disease, "is practically a violation of the implied pledges under which they enlisted." Gov. Pingree of Michigan has allowed the members of one regiment which is encamped in that State to express their feelings, and fully one-half have indicated their desire to drop soldiering and go home. The Richmond *Dispatch* publishes a letter which states that at least 80 per cent. of the men in the Second Virginia Regiment, now in Florida, desire to be mustered out; that they "are tired of monotonous camp life, tired of being starved and half-clothed, tired of being forced to stay in a climate which shows by the number of dead that are daily buried and the number sent away from the hospitals that it does not suit us at all." The feeling is still stronger among the Iowa volunteers who have been South. The men of one regiment at Jacksonville raised such a clamor to go home that the regiment has been ordered mustered out, and the members of the only other Iowa regiment have caught the infection, and are making similar demands. The Keokuk *Gate City*, a Republican newspaper edited by Congressman Clark, shows that this means a draft if Iowa is to furnish its share of the troops that will be needed.

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The situation thus portrayed in Iowa is really startling when contrasted with the demands of the expansion policy. A large army is essential to the carrying out of that policy. How are we to get such an army? People generally answer this question by saying, Increase the number of regulars. But regulars are only volunteers under different conditions. Except in case of a draft, we can only add 50,000 men to our regular army through the enlistment of 50,000 men. But if men will not enlist as volunteers, they are not going to enlist as regulars. We have referred to the statement now going the rounds that there is a large crop of desertions from the regular regiments that have been suggested for garrison duty abroad, and a lack of enthusiasm in the recruiting offices. Congressman Clark, who speaks with knowledge, confirms this view of the feeling among the regulars. "I find in my own experience," he says in the *Gate City*, "relatively as many requests by parents and soldiers to secure discharge from the regular as from the volunteer service." The conclusion which this Republican Congressman draws from these developments is that "before the people say anything more about occupying the islands that have fallen to us by the war with Spain, they must settle in their own purpose whether or not they are going to have such an army as such occupancy necessarily involves." The situation is happily hit off by the Portland (Me.) *Press*, when it says that "the people may be in favor of expansion, but indirectly they want the country expanded without the help of their sons."

Aguinaldo's statesmanship has been clearly underrated. A reporter of the Associated Press has had an interview with him in which he gave utterance to views of considerable soundness. He said it appeared to him that the Americans had come to the Philippines to fight the Spaniards, and that, having done this, and beaten them, they would go away. Why should he think anything else? When or where, and by what organ, have we ever laid claim to the Philippines? Who has ever said on our behalf that the islands of right belonged to us, or that the Spaniards were keeping us out of them? Did Dewey set up any such claim when he went down there after the Spanish fleet? If he said anything to anybody before beginning to slaughter the Spaniards, did he say they must surrender the islands? Did he not say simply that they must surrender their fleet? Did not the thought of seizing the islands first enter the broad intelligence of Mr. McKinley after Dewey's battle? Was it not then that the Almighty revealed his purpose about the Philippines to the clergy? Was it not then, and then only, that they got up "the moral and religious responsibility" theory? If Aguinaldo is a good enough insurgent for us to go 10,000 miles to help him achieve his independence, is he not good enough to carry on his own government when the independence is achieved? Speak up, reverend gentlemen.

While we are deciding what to do with the Philippines, the Filipinos under Aguinaldo are holding their first constitutional convention. Malolos has been selected as the temporary capital of the revolutionary government, just as Philadelphia was by us, and Aguinaldo, the Filipino Washington, has issued an address. The substance of his message, according to the London *Times* correspondent, consisted chiefly of congratulations on the happy termination of the revolution, and, strange to say, "the complete conquest of the territory" the right of conquest over which we maintain is vested in us. Aguinaldo then called upon his congress to follow the example of England, America, and France, and prepare a constitution and promulgate laws. The message excited but little enthusiasm, we are told, "because it was absolutely non-committal," *i. e.*, on the subject of the relations of the new government with the United States, which shows that the Tagals differ from Americans, who are more and more delighted with their President the more non-committal he is. But Aguinaldo is a sharp fellow, and knows what he is about.

All doubt about the nomination of Col. Roosevelt as the Republican candidate for Governor seems to have been removed by the momentous interview between him and Platt on Saturday. The "old man" went through what must have been a painful experience in an extremely creditable manner. So far as outward appearance went, nobody could have inferred that he was not enjoying himself, yet his misery must have been intense. He was abdicating his chief function as the "nominating power" of the party, and was allowing the people to exercise it in favor of a civil-service reformer. Quigg and a few other faithful agents of the old system of State government stood by and witnessed the scene with deep emotion. They had seen the "old man" give the high-toners many a strong dose, but they never expected to live to see him administer a dose like this to himself. Small wonder that many of them feel constrained to give public assurance that the machine will support Col. Roosevelt "loyally," somewhat after the manner of the Republican Boys in the late Johnny O'Brien's day, who signed a pledge to "pull straight" in every particular campaign.

The financial portion of the platform adopted by the Republican State convention in Connecticut on Thursday (otherwise a conspicuously time-serving manifesto) constitutes the most advanced body of doctrine thus far put forth by any convention of the party. It improves every possible occasion to use the word "gold," and it ostentatiously dismisses the "bimetallism" humbug by declaring that "the impossibility of effecting an international agreement with the leading commercial nations of the world for the free coinage of silver has been clearly demonstrated." It recognizes the necessity that Congress should do something to assure the permanence of the gold standard, and not only "favors such national monetary legislation as will maintain our paper and silver currency at a parity with gold, by which the weight of a gold dollar shall be established at the present standard, and by which every paper and silver dollar and every obligation for the payment of money shall be redeemable in gold," but it goes the step further which the situation demands, and favors also "such changes in our present monetary system as will furnish ample credit facilities for conducting business in all parts of the country *by the retirement of Government notes* and the issue of banknotes so secured as to insure their redemption in gold of the present standard of fineness." This is the first demand which any Republican convention has ever made for the retirement of the greenbacks, and its significance is emphasized by the statement of the Hartford *Courant* that this fair and square demand for such retirement "was loudly applauded" by the delegates.

The republic of Honduras, so far as it has transferrable value, appears to have been made over to an American syndicate consisting of Chauncey Depew, John Jacob Astor, Benjamin F. Tracy, and their associates. At any rate, Col. Cooper, general manager of "the Honduras Syndicate," is quoted as declaring that these gentlemen have a concession authorizing them to collect the customs revenues of Honduras, to settle its debt (amounting to about $32,000,000), to build a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific, to establish a bank, and to run a coastwise line of steamships. In return for this "the State" gets $500,000 a year to go on with, and, we presume, keeps up the army and navy and the police. To some minds it might seem as if the State got the best of the bargain, but then the debt will undoubtedly be scaled down so that the associates can make their enterprise pay. We wish it all success. Similar bargains are to be had in every Spanish-American country, from the Isthmus to the Cape. There must be a cause of war somewhere among them.

The Cortes has given Sagasta the

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power to alienate national territory, and he has no further use for it at present. There was a vast deal of confusion in the few sessions, and one noble Senator has made himself "a popular idol" by denouncing the generals to their faces and telling him they ought to be hung in their own sashes. There were also protests from Carlist and Republican Deputies, and a manifesto from Gen. Polavieja denouncing all the governing men of Spain as "rotten," and offering himself as a national purifier and savior. But Sagasta calmly forbade the protests and the manifesto to be published, and how unpublished protests and manifestos can rouse the country is not clear. In fact, it would seem that nothing whatever could rouse the country except a proposition to go to war again. The Spanish people seem ready to hang any premier or general who would make them fight, but otherwise prepared to submit with true Oriental fatalism to whatever may come, to be apathetic before any terms of peace, provided only they are terms of peace. Mr. E. J. Dillon, who writes in the *Contemporary* on "The Coming of Carlism," remarks that if the United States had demanded a protectorate over Spain, as well as over Cuba, the common people would have acquiesced without a murmur.

Mr. Dillon's article entirely overlooks one consideration which makes the Carlist situation vastly different now from what it was a generation ago. This is the quasi-guardianship of Spain held at present by France. The services of the latter country in acting as an intermediary to obtain peace from the United States were well planned to consolidate French interests in the Peninsula. French investments in Spain, which are extensive, are worth more now than before Ambassador Cambon's activities in the Spanish behalf, and the reason is that it is felt that French wishes will now go a long way with the Spanish Government. But it is safe to say that French influence is decidedly against the Carlists. Their old recruiting ground used to be over the Pyrenees in the southern departments of France, and the social and financial aid and comfort they had from France was one of the best weapons in their arsenal. All that is now changed. The great French interests in Spain demand stability in government above all else, and there is no promise of stability in Carlism. It is a peril, no doubt, and probably robs the Queen and her ministers of much sleep, but the best opinion seems to be that it is not such an imminent peril as Mr. Dillon thinks.

The Duke of Orleans's manifesto on the Dreyfus case does not seem to be taken seriously anywhere. It resembles a good deal in style the proclamations which Thackeray put in the mouth of "John Thomas Napoleon" in his 'Next French Revolution.' Public interest in Europe is more excited by the promised revelations of Esterhazy, who seems to be preparing a "confession" in London. The worst thing about the Dreyfus case, and what explains nine-tenths of the slowness of "revision," is not that revision means the exculpation of Dreyfus, but that it means the publication to the world of a story in which the heads of the French army must figure as suborners of perjury, or as the dupes of an imposture so transparent that it shows them to be incompetent to manage the business with which they are intrusted. But Dreyfus cases are what militarism tends to produce. In fact, if Esterhazy and Henry and Du Paty de Clam had been hired to make the military order and the military view of life odious and sickening, they could not have done their work better. Esterhazy, who seems to be a humorous swashbuckler, says that he has been guided throughout by but one maxim: "A soldier should place his conscience as well as his sword at the disposal of his superior officers." The disposal of his body he reserves, for the moment, to himself.

Germany has been in the colonizing business in Africa for some years, and the balance sheet up to date does not show those enormous profits which are dazzling our expansionists. German possessions in Africa amount to 820,000 square miles—a tidy bit of territory. But in it, at the beginning of 1897, there were but 3,913 resident Europeans, of whom 2,182 were Germans. This does not include the military force, consisting of about 3,000 officers and men, not reckoning in the police. The expense to the home Government of administering these African colonies is estimated for the current year at $2,300,000. Meanwhile the total trade, export and import, amounts to $8,250,000. But of this trade only 42 per cent. is with Germany. In other words, Germany is paying $2,300,000 to get a trade of $3,500,000, the profits on which could not amount to more than $350,000. Net loss, $2,000,000.

Austrian mobs have begun to kill Italians in revenge for the assassination of the unfortunate Empress, and there have been riots at Trieste and other places. Meanwhile, the discussion of "remedies for anarchism" seems to produce little result. One proposal made is that all avowed anarchists shall be expelled from any country in which they are caught, and this might certainly be done with any anarchist who avowed an intention to murder distinguished or wealthy people at pleasure. But you can hardly expel a man for teaching the abstract doctrine of anarchism, any more than for teaching any other false doctrine. We have no doubt ourselves that much of the socialist teaching which leads people to believe that there is a great fund of wealth somewhere, and that the bad people have got hold of it, and are cheating the poor out of it, tends indirectly, and, indeed, sometimes directly, to murder; but we cannot do anything about it. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that the more causeless assassinations there are, the more violent and brutal and irrational will be the revenge taken.

The Emperor of China's decision to adopt "Western civilization" is a startling proof of the mental and political ferment that is going on in the East. A modern postal service, an extension of the right of petitioning the throne, and monthly published accounts of public receipts and expenditures are among the reforms promised, and of these the third is, it is hardly necessary to say, the most important. It is a distinctly Western scheme, the principle of Chinese finance having been strict privacy from time immemorial. In this reform it is not unfair to presume that the hand of M. de Witte, the Czar's finance minister, may be seen. An interview with Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador here, on the subject of Rusian designs in China, was given out on Tuesday, but there is nothing new in it. Our newspapers have evidently not yet "caught on" to the Russian view of the true diplomatic use of the press, which is to employ it as a mask for your designs, not as an agency for the dissemination of information about them. Count Cassini predicts that "there will be no partition" of China, but in the same breath he points out that all Russia asks is that whatever it is that is going on there, shall be fair all round.

No one speaks with more authority on Russian matters than Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, and in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* he has an exhaustive article on the trans-Siberian railway, in which he puts the date of its completion much further ahead than current opinion had thought probable. He says that all-rail communication with the Pacific will not be possible before 1904, and the vast stretch of railroad to be constructed through Mantchuria will apparently take many years more to build. This is confirmatory of the view lately expressed by an English colonel that it was all nonsense to talk of Russia being able to "pour" troops into North China. Even with the railway complete, it is not so easy to pour 40,000 soldiers over a single line of rails for an eight or ten days' journey. With an Alger to do the "pouring," the Russian army would arrive in the Liao-Tong peninsula in a state considerably worse than a half-dozen battles could have brought about.

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APROPOS OF THE PHILIPPINES.

On the 19th of April last, Congress, being determined to have a war with Spain, issued the following explanation of its objects:

"Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled:

"(1.) That the people of the island of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

"(2.) That it is the duty of the United States to demand, and the Government of the United States does hereby demand, that the Government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

"(3.) That the President of the United States be, and he hereby is, directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the several States to such extent as may be necessary to carry these resolutions into effect.

"(4.) That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people."

The Secretary of State then (April 20) sent the following dispatch to Gen. Woodford, our Minister at Madrid:

"You have been furnished with the text of a joint resolution, voted by the Congress of the United States, on the 19th inst., approved to-day, in relation to the pacification of the island of Cuba. In obedience to that act, the President directs you to immediately communicate to the Government of Spain said resolution, with the formal demand of the Government of the United States that the Government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters. In taking this step the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people, under such free and independent government as they may establish."

A more solemn and binding document has probably never issued from a national chancellery. In this we followed the general practice of civilized nations at the present day. In Christendom the practice of going to war for fun or excitement, or to ravage an enemy's territory or inflict general and unknown damage on him, has mostly been abandoned. Before attacking him you tell him what he must do, suffer, or surrender, if he wishes to avoid fighting you. As a general rule, when you have attained your object, you make peace with him.

When we began our war with Spain under the aforesaid declaration, the orders to our fleets, of course, were to do whatever, by land or sea, would so weaken Spain as to compel her to surrender Cuba. Our fleets went in search of her fleets, and we did a little bombarding, though not much, of the island of which we wished to gain possession. In searching for the Spanish fleet in the Pacific Ocean, Admiral Dewey might have found it off the coast of Australia, or off the harbor of Hong Kong, or in mid-ocean. He had nothing to do with the place where he found it. His business was to destroy it wherever found. But it so happened that he found the Spanish fleet in a harbor of the Philippines, and there he destroyed it. There then arose in the United States a quantity of the most extraordinary reasoning to be found in the history of the human mind. The ordinary practice of civilized nations would have sent Dewey away after he had destroyed the fleet. He had no land force to take possession of the island, but he was entitled to stay there to blockade the port, or do whatever else he could to weaken Spain, so as to compel her to give up Cuba. This was the business he was set to do by the resolution of Congress and the President's instructions. When Nelson seized the Danish fleet, he went away; he did not set about annexing Denmark to the crown of England. When he destroyed the Spanish fleet at Trafalgar, he did not demand the cession of Spain. When the Allies destroyed the Russian fleet at Sebastopol and took the town, they did not demand the surrender of the Crimea; they made peace and went off as soon as they had accomplished their object. What heightens the general absurdity of the situation is, that Spain has done all we asked her to do about Cuba, and that we have never taken possession of the Philippines. All we hold is one city under the guns of our ships, 10,000 miles from home.

In the talk now going on about the propriety or impropriety of our retaining the Philippines, we hear a good deal of "the responsibility imposed on us" to civilize them and give them good government, and of the wickedness and wrong of which we should be guilty if we gave them back to Spain. As we are just fresh from a conquest undertaken with little or no knowledge of the conditions of the problem, of the social or political condition of the islands to be liberated, of the desires, wishes, or character of the people for whom we proposed to our young men to die, and with even louder shouts about "duty" and "honor," it is well that this talk about "responsibility" should undergo rigid examination.

In the first place, who or what has imposed this responsibility on us? It is not a *legal* responsibility, for a nation is not controlled in its corporate capacity by law. It is not a *political* responsibility, for Mr. McKinley is telling us every day that he does not yet know what the will of the American people in the matter is, and has thus far been trying in vain to find out. It must then be a *moral* responsibility, which we see some of the ministers and the churches and the conferences are preaching with some vehemence. Has this responsibility been imposed on us at all? Has it been made necessary, supposing the Cuban war to be just and therefore a lawful Christian war, in order to bring that war to a successful issue? Has not the result shown that it was nothing of the kind, for we have never got possession of the islands, and yet Cuba has been liberated? In fact, we have still to acquire the islands; all that Spain has agreed to do is not to defend them, for, when the war ended, it clearly appeared that they were not hers to cede. We have never taken possession of them as yet, and it is acknowledged that, if we do take them, it must be by force, and a large army will be necessary to hold them, and will probably have to kill a large number of the people whom it goes to "liberate." We may safely say, therefore, that the responsibility has not come upon us at all; that we are simply taking it, without even a rudimentary knowledge of its nature. We know little or nothing about the islands, people, language, laws, religion, or history. Most of us heard of them for the first time only after Dewey's victory. They are 10,000 miles away, too, or, in other words, completely removed from the observation of our public and from the action or influence of our public opinion. Cruelty, oppression, malfeasance of every description may rage in them unchecked for years, and the President for the time being may safely refuse to remove peccant officials "under fire."

Now, responsibility that is imposed on one and responsibility that is assumed by one's self are two different things. In the one case you do the best you can, and in the courts of heaven are allowed to offer zeal, earnestness, and diligence in lieu of training or capacity. But if a man who has had no medical training foists himself unnecessarily into the position of a family doctor, and, through ignorance, works the patient's ruin, no penalties are considered too severe for his presumption. Neither hopefulness nor pity nor humanity is allowed to atone for his recklessness. What he thought, or expected, or desired, counts for nothing. In the other case, when you meet an inevitable emergency with such means as God and nature have put into your hands, when you stanch the blood or face the foe because there is no one else to do it, you are in a very different position before both God and man. For responsibility that is put upon a man, he needs only to be brave and single-hearted. The best he knows is all that will ever be demanded of him.

In the case of the Philippines, we are assuming a task for which we do not possess a single qualification—the civilization and conversion of 8,000,000 of half savages of whom we never heard until the other day, of whose tastes and character we know nothing, who have got on for about 2,000 years without our assistance, who belong to a church which professes to know more than we do about

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the divine purposes with regard to them, and who live about a month's journey away from us. If there be any duty of evangelization with regard to foreign nations imposed on the United States, it is surely with regard to nations in their immediate neighborhood. Mr. McKinley and some clergymen profess to know a good deal about our "destiny" in this matter, but it will require far stronger testimony than we have yet had to convince us that Providence meant us to do our missionary work at the uttermost ends of the earth, when we have for a whole century left a large continent at our very doors untouched by our statesmen —a continent, too, which, for the greater part of this century, we have been sedulously claiming as peculiarly our own, as, in short, above all places on earth, "our manifest destiny." How is it we have for all these years done nothing for Mexico except despoil her? How is it we have done nothing for Venezuela? How is it we have done nothing for Costa Rica? How is it we have done nothing for Nicaragua? How is it that Providence, or "destiny," or whatever Mr. McKinley calls it, did not permit our missionaries to make a better job in Hawaii? There seventy years' labor of our pious evangelists has, by their own confession, turned out such a pack of rascals that we had to dispossess them of their government to stop their villanies. What reason have we to suppose that our evangelists would succeed any better in the Philippines? Can it be possible we have two "destinies"? Is not one enough for a busy community?

IMPERIALISM AND PROTECTION.

The reports from Quebec concerning the influences that are brought to bear on the high commissioners from the United States are full of portent. The representatives of great protected interests have been there in force, insisting that no matter what concession the Canadians may offer, the duties which foster American industries shall be retained. The American people, they argue, pronounced emphatically in favor of the policy of protection at the last election, and no wave of sentiment in favor of England must be allowed to affect our proceedings in matters of business. The old arguments in favor of protective tariffs are as valid as ever. It is as true now as it ever was that "the foreigner pays the tax," that the high standard of living attained by the American laborer is due to the duties which he pays on imported goods, and that unless these duties are retained the English will flood our markets with their products. It would be difficult for a Republican administration to disregard these arguments, even if it were so disposed. It is especially difficult for President McKinley to disregard them, for he has dwelt on them with such passionate vehemence as to make it evident that he was sincere. Circumstances have changed, but they cannot have changed to such an extent within two years as to convert a bigoted protectionist into a free-trader. That involves not only a change of mind, but a change of heart also.

It is, of course, nothing unusual for a protectionist to become convinced that certain protective duties are unwise and unnecessary. Manufacturers generally are quite ready to contend that the raw materials which they use are not properly subject to tariff taxes, and it is quite probable that some of them are now satisfied that the duties on their products for which they formerly clamored are not indispensable. But when it comes to the point, even these manufacturers will be likely to shrink from the plan of the "open door." What shall it profit us, they will say, if, after all our sacrifices in the cause of humanity, we are not to monopolize the trade of Cuba and Porto Rico? We have spent a great deal of money in driving the Spaniards out of these islands, and as they are unfortunately too poor to be able to pay us an indemnity for having been expelled, we ought to reward ourselves with the exclusive trade of their former possessions. Our manufacturers are patriotically paying their war taxes, and it will seem to them Quixotic liberality to permit English and German manufacturers, who are not handicapped by these taxes, to sell their wares to the Cubans on equal terms. Gratitude, they will think, should impel the Cubans to grant a preferential tariff to this country. As to Porto Rico, it would seem that our Constitution requires our system of duties and imposts to be extended to that island, and that only vessels flying our flag should carry on our commerce with it. On the whole, it is certainly probable that our manufacturers, as a class, will demand some protection for their exports in the West Indian market.

While it is conceivable that this view is mistaken, there is no doubt whatever concerning the attitude of our farmers. They are, to a great extent, protectionist, and they change their convictions very slowly. They have been taught the doctrine of protection so thoroughly by the Republican politicians as to identify it in their minds with the Republican party. They have sometimes been perplexed to find out where their gain from tariff taxes came in, but their faith has been robust, and the production of certain articles has no doubt been stimulated by the exclusion of foreign competition. Our tariff has kept out some Canadian products, such as eggs, and potatoes, and hay, and grain, and has made it possible to raise cane and even beets for making sugar. There is plenty of evidence that any attempt to take off the duties on sugar and tobacco will arouse the most violent opposition. The *American Agriculturist* has a large circulation among farmers, and in their interest it contends vigorously against the annexation of new territory. If the territory is to be annexed, it serves notice that the farmers of this country do not intend to submit to the competition of the planters of the tropics. Our farmers have heard all about the cheap labor employed by these planters, and how our tariff has been the only thing that kept us from being ruined by their cheap products, and they will uplift their voices in protest just so soon as the first movement is made to lower the duties on the staples of agriculture. As the *Agriculturist* says, if free trade in the "money crops" of the American farmer is to be fostered, "then he will batter down every custom-house in order that there may also be free trade in the money crops of manufacturers."

The demolition of custom-houses may not seem to our readers a very alarming contingency, but it is otherwise with the protected manufacturers. While a few of them are ready to meet foreign competitors on equal terms, not only in the West Indies, but in our own country, the great mass are quite unprepared to go to such lengths. Provided the farmers have the power to carry out their threat, the manufacturers will yield to them. There can be no question that the farmers have this power, or at least that they can veto any measure for reducing protective duties. With the loss of their old leaders, the Democrats of the Southern States lost their old principles, and became at once Populists and protectionists. The free-trade sentiment appears to be practically extinct in those regions, and the farmers have plainly shown that they expect to have the tariff adjusted so as to protect their interests. The indications are certainly very strong that any party that proposes to admit the products of our new possessions free of duty will be defeated by the votes of the farmers.

Under these circumstances it is extremely probable that an attempt will be made to placate the farmers by offering them bounties. The rich men who are planning the exploitation of Cuba and Porto Rico must secure the admission of their products to this country free of duty if they are to succeed in their schemes, and they will be quite ready to give countervailing bounties to the producers of beet sugar and tobacco if they can bring them to terms in this way. This compromise was adopted in the McKinley tariff in order to pacify the sugar-planters of Louisiana, and there are many signs that the same thing will be done in the case of beet sugar. To determine what this means for our country, it is only necessary to look at the European states that have undertaken to develop the

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beet-sugar industry. They have, indeed, succeeded, but their people cannot afford to consume the sugar which they are taxed to produce. A Frenchman is able to consume, on an average, scarcely a third as much sugar as an Englishman. If we follow the French example, and there is little reason to hope that we shall not, we shall produce beet sugar abundantly, it will be apparently cheap, and we shall also have cheap cane sugar. But the cheapness will be delusive, for the money paid out in bounties must come out of the pockets of the people. We shall not only be taxed to support a larger army, and a larger navy, and large colonial establishments, but we shall be taxed also to support the protective system in its most outrageous form. Such will be the price of empire, and while certain interests will prosper, it will be through the suffering of the common people. Should these anticipations seem too gloomy to any one, he need only ask himself what other policy than that outlined above can the Republican party pursue. It cannot exploit our conquests successfully by abandoning protection, because the farmers will not permit it; and if protection is to continue after we enter on our new estates, it must be under the form of bounties on home products.

THE CLAYTON-BULWER DISPUTE

The discussion about the Nicaragua Canal is having one good effect, which will probably become more marked as time goes on—that is, of making it more and more clear why the Jingoes hate the Clayton-Bulwer treaty so much. Since the *Spectator* published its remarkable article advocating the tearing up of the treaty, two or three Jingo organs here have taken the matter up, and applauded their new-found friend and loudly praised its moderation and good sense. They have also stated their case for the first time with some approach to clearness.

The Clayton-Bulwer treaty, entered into in 1850, provides that neither the United States nor Great Britain shall ever obtain "exclusive control" over "any means of communication" between the Atlantic and Pacific by ship canal by way of the Nicaraguan route, nor fortify it (article i.); that in case of war between the United States and Great Britain, vessels of war of either Power shall pass freely through it (article ii.); that everything shall be done to further the construction of such a canal (articles iii., iv.); that the canal, when constructed, shall be neutralized, *i. e.*, kept for ever open and free, by both governments, so long as no unjust commercial discriminations are made (article v.); that the two Powers shall invite every state in the civilized world to enter into smilar stipulations (article vi.); that the two governments, desiring not only to accomplish "a particular object," but also to "establish a general principle," will "extend their protection" to any other practicable communications across the isthmus, whether by canal or railway, including especially the Tehuantepec and Panama projects (article viii.).

Such is the treaty. Why do the Jingoes hate it? They say, in substance, that the treaty was drawn in view of the construction of a canal or canals by private enterprise; that the United States now wishes to build the Nicaragua Canal itself, as a public work, and own it; and that therefore the United States should have exacty the privilege which the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was designed to prevent—the exclusive control of the canal, with the right of fortification, making it, in the words of Mr. Blaine, a part of the "coast line" of the United States." They also urge that Great Britain has violated a stipulation of article i. (which provides that Great Britain should not "assume dominion" in Central America), by expansion at the expense of Guatemala. But this contention, waiving the question whether there is anything in it or not, "goes," as the lawyers say, simply to the question of the binding effect of the treaty, not to the principle involved in it. Admit that England has encroached on Guatemala, through its Honduras Bay settlement, and you are not a whit nearer the solution of the real question at issue, which is, Which is the best: exclusive control of the canal, when built, or joint control? Tear up the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and the same question presents itself at once, Which will you have, exclusive or joint control? If England has been "grabbing" in Central America, and this shows that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is no longer binding on us, the question which led to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is not disposed of.

But the question, which is the best, depends on the answer to another question—the best for what? Is your canal intended to advance the ends of peace, or is it intended to make it easy to go to war? Of the answer to this question there can be no doubt. An agreement between the two most powerful nations in the world directly interested in the subject which makes any canal across the isthmus a neutralized highway, a part of the *mare liberum* of the modern commercial world, is an effective guarantee for peace. A declaration by the United States making such a canal a highway for all nations at peace with us (the only alternative proposed here) neutralizes nothing. It makes out of the canal a gate from which we can exclude any nation we please, and, moreover, we can change our intention at any time, and shut any one we please out of it in time of peace. The great value of such an agreement as the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is shown by the difficulty of getting rid of it. It was recognized as binding only the other day, by Mr. Cleveland; England has always insisted on it; and thus far it has withstood all attacks on it. Exclusive control, on the other hand, means doing what you please.

The United States, if it had exclusive control of the only highway across the isthmus, would, in case of war with England, be able to shut it up against England, and make her vessels go round the Cape. Perceiving this, the Jingoes now say, "Pooh, pooh, we shall never go to war with England! We have an *entente* with England! Blood is thicker than water; hands all round," etc. But they do not see that this prediction robs their argument of all its force. If we are never to be in danger of war with England, we need not provide against it, and the treaty does no harm, and if we are to be at perpetual peace with England, the joint guarantee helps to secure it. What makes them foam at the mouth is that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is a guarantee of peace. What they want is a guarantee of trouble; and this, exclusive control gives.

The ludicrous part of the whole dispute is that the only canal actually under construction is the French canal. Some engineers say that the Panama Canal will actually be built in two or three years. What are we going to do about that? Under the Clayton-Bulwer treaty it would undoubtedly be neutralized, as France has no interest in any other disposition of it. Do we claim that, too, as part of our "coast line"? The principle of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty has been, since its adoption, recognized in the neutralization of the Suez Canal; but neutralization, as the Jingoes will ultimately learn, cannot be made effective by the declaration of a single nation. However, we fully admit that any interoceanic canal would be, if controlled by a single nation, an effective weapon of war; so that we come back in the end to the precise point at which Sir Henry Bulwer and Mr. Clayton came when they sat down to discuss it fifty years ago: Are we preparing peace or are we preparing war?

THE ENGLISH MISSION.

The difficulty which surrounds the task of filling the English mission evidently does not diminish as time goes on, and this, although most diplomatic work is now carried on from Washington by telegraph under the eye of the President. It might seem from this fact that the mission might be easily filled with some quiet, sensible man, who should execute the orders he received without any "fuss"; but other causes make this no longer possible. The Ambassador to England (the very title implies something of the change) must make a show; he must entertain in a way any other ambassador would, and he must also have

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the knack of making those happy after-dinner speeches about the language of Shakspere and Milton, and the union of hearts and hands, and "the man behind the gun," which so delight Anglo-American audiences. In fact, if we go back to a period when the Minister was a real trained diplomat, and actually transacted business with Downing Street instead of receiving his instructions from Washington, we find that the English mission must now be filled with a man the very opposite of the old type. Charles Francis Adams had upon his shoulders the very serious diplomacy of our civil war, and had to manage such delicate matters as the *Alabama* business from day to day by means of his own individual tact, judgment, and learning. His social existence in London was reduced to a minimum by the fact that "society" was on the side of the South, and for the same reason speeches of the sort fashionable now were not at all in order. Mr. Hay has made a good Ambassador, on the other hand, because he is a rich man, a gentleman, and a good speaker.

Of course, different meanings are attached to the word "rich" by different people. But an Ambassador to England nowadays is expected to entertain, and we do not pay him enough to entertain on. Consequently, he must have some private means, or else he must have the other qualifications, of good breeding and fluency in speech, in a conspicuous and unusual degree. Mr. Lowell's case showed that a man might fill the mission to England more brilliantly than any of those with whom we naturally compare him without being able to entertain at all, but his success was exceptional, because his gifts were exceptional. Another Lowell we are not likely to produce soon.

Besides these difficulties, there is another which, though not so visible, is always at hand. On the part of many of those who are distinctly within the circle of choice, and known to be competent, there is a considerable reluctance to accept the office. If the number of well-to-do men, who are also gentlemen, and have a real gift of oratory such as well-bred audiences like to hear, and who are known at Washington as having those qualifications, is gone over, it will generally be found that they are or consider themselves to be in the line of political advancement at home, and are afraid of being shelved by being sent to London. People are not uncommonly got rid of by means of a foreign appointment. Mr. Hoar's reluctance may have come partly from the fact that he is in the Senate, and fears that if he takes the English mission, his political life will come to an end in March, 1901. Even so good a man has enemies. Mr. Long is said to hesitate because he has his eyes on a senatorial seat as successor to Mr. Hoar. Gov. Wolcott, who may yet be talked of, and would make an excellent representative of this country in England, is said also to have other views for the future. It may be urged that the recall of Mr. Hay to fill the State Department shows that there may be promotion for ambassadors; but even over Mr. Hay's head hangs the awful limit of the Presidential term. The next President may be a Democrat. There is nothing permanent about diplomatic service in this country, least of all for cabinet officers and ambassadors. The Senate is the place which attracts statesmen who want life berths.

The principle which governs Mr. McKinley's appointments, if there be any, is not yet entirely discernible. His appointment of Mr. McKenna to the Supreme Bench, in the face of the protest of the federal judges, was absolutely unaccountable. In the State Department and the English mission he has done better, on the whole, than anywhere else, and he has set for himself in these respects a standard which shows that he knows what he is about. Probably the awful mess into which he got matters by putting Mr. Sherman into the State Department has taught him a lesson. He is not at all likely to overlook the necessity of his appointee being a man of means, for he evidently likes surrounding himself with rich men, and we hope that he may be able to perceive that wealth alone will not answer. In diplomacy, as in any other business, the essential requisite is, of course, good sense, and next comes knowledge of the world and good breeding. We cannot afford any more "shirt-sleeves" dispatches either from or to Washington. If these qualifications are wanting, the effect of wealth is not to make up for them, but to make their absence more conspicuous.

THE MORAL USES OF DARK THINGS.

The late Dr. Bushnell, thirty years ago, wrote a book with the above title, which was full of comfort to many troubled souls. It set forth in eloquent terms the possibility, nay the probability, that events, apparently calamitous or unfortunate, may often prove disguised blessings, and that what seems to make for our ruin or unhappiness may really be destined in the long run to prove a benefit of the highest order.

We are just now being treated to a striking illustration of the soundness of this theory in the case of Gov. Black and Mr. Roosevelt. We quite agree with *Harper's Weekly* that having bravely commanded a regiment of irregular cavalry is a somewhat absurd qualification for the governorship of a State—that is, it would be, if Governors of States had not, for generations, been chosen for all sorts of things except exact fitness for the duties of the place. Their first qualification has long been the probability that they would be elected. Fitness comes after this, and if it can be thrown in, well and good. But it may almost be laid down with confidence that under no system of election by popular suffrage is a man anywhere put into an office solely because he is qualified. The voters must like him or admire him, and they not unnaturally suppose that a man whom they like and admire must be ready for anything. So that, although they were ready to lynch Mr. Roosevelt for being so good a Police Commissioner in 1896, they are ready to make him Governor for fighting the Spaniards in 1898.

Now, if we did not get Mr. Roosevelt, we should probably get Mr. Black. There are stories that Platt has "soured" on Mr. Black for defeating so many of his measures. But we prefer not to believe them. We prefer to believe that Mr. Black would, in the ordinary course of New York politics, have got a second term. Politically considered, he seems to us to be entitled to a second term. He is the kind of man for a second term. He began well, by appointing one of the biggest rascals in the State to one of its most important offices. This was what is called in his circles "giving the high-toners a dose." It was a bitter dose, and occasioned much stomachic disturbance, but it did the "high-toners" good. They felt better after it. It removed a good many of their silly fears about the future of America. It restored activity to their torpid livers. It showed the "kickers" and the pessimists that it made little difference to America who was Superintendent of Insurance in New York, or, in fact, who was anything, as long as the boss was satisfied. But what we liked most about Black was the sternness and austerity with which he faced a frivolous and thoughtless generation. The practice of finding fault with governors and other public officers had gone far among us—too far, as it seemed to many. It was necessary to do something to bring us back to the early practice of approving everything our rulers did. Mr. Black, to his eternal honor, took on himself the task. As soon as he took office he announced, with excellent effect, that "no intolerant clamor or irresponsible assault would prevent a single executive act." Clamor had to be tolerant and assaults responsible. A better thing could not have happened to the "kickers" and Mugwumps. They saw that a man was in the gubernatorial chair on whom "jaw" would be wasted, and they betook themselves to more productive occupations than finding fault. So he went on governing in the new fashion, the critics ceasing from troubling; and the university settlements began to settle the "labor question," and Lou Payn to look after the insurance companies.

But man has been truly said not to

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know when he is well off. A feeling of discontent with Gov. Black's benignant régime sprang up and grew. The "high-toners" were "disgruntled." They continued to long for a change, although prohibited from criticising, which of course made the longing all the more intense. But, in our opinion, they would never have got it except for the war. But for the war, Black would probably have been renominated. The war only made Roosevelt possible and blasted Black. Roosevelt is coming and Black is going; and if Roosevelt comes, Lou Payn goes. Roosevelt may not be a Solon, or a Washington, or an Alexander Hamilton, but he is an honest man, and from an honest man the Lou Payns will fly, as good men from the devil. Aldridge will go, too, we may be sure. There will be a voice as in Rama, weeping, in many good Republican houses.

Now, was there ever a more striking example of the way good may be got out of a dark thing than this? The war was, in the forum of morals, "a dark thing," but it came on Black like a good thing. It gave vent to "intolerant clamor." It made Roosevelt's valor in Cuba seem the best preparation for Albany. Without Roosevelt's valor in Cuba we should never have got the change. It is a queer way to get a beneficent change. It reminds one of the Western bully who, going into a public house where the company all knew him, invited them to drink, but they timidly shrank away till he, drawing his pistol, exclaimed, "Must I kill a man every time I want any one to drink with me?" So, also, we may well exclaim, Must we go to war every time we wish to expel a pack of rascals from the State government? For we verily believe that, without a war and the loan of a hero or two from the army, we should never, within any reasonable time, have got rid of Platt and his gang. Two years ago they seemed so securely seated that they could afford to smile at Mugwump invective. It amused Black to hear them grumble. He was sure of renomination and reëlection. His ways were sure to be permanent. Our way out of the slough was mysterious and unknown. A loud demand arose for a Cuban republic. Roosevelt enlisted his "Rough Riders." No body ever organized seemed to have less connection with reform of any kind. Nevertheless, they could apparently not have worked more directly for reform had they met Platt, Black, and Payn at El Caney, and slaughtered them without mercy. The war broke the ring. It set "the wild echoes flying." How would it do again? When the ring grows up again, or becomes too strong for the suffrage, might we not have a small war with a weak Power, say San Domingo or Hayti, and get out of it somebody before whom the boss would fly? Two months' fighting would do. It is an expedient, we do not say to be tried, but to be remembered.

THE FIRST ADVOCATE OF FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CAL.,
August 31, 1898.

The free public library system, which may be said to be a distinctive institution of the English-speaking race, dates both in Great Britain and in the United States from about the year 1850. Previously there had been, as there are still, numerous subscription and society libraries which provided reading-matter for those who were able to pay for the privilege. There had also been attempts to supply books of a particular character to certain classes of the people which were unable to procure them for themselves. Thus the scheme of Dr. Thomas Bray (1696) was planned for the benefit of the clergy in England and America; that of Rev. James Kirkwood (1699) had for its object the theological instruction of the people of Scotland; and the district-school libraries of New York State which flourished early in this century were formed to encourage the habit of reading among school-children.

It is singular that, notwithstanding the interest attaching to the subject, the name of the first person to advocate the establishment of free public circulating libraries in this country should be entirely unknown to the general public, and even to the members of the library profession. That honor belongs to Dr. Jesse Torrey, jr. Facts are wanting to supply even the most meagre biographical account, for his name is recorded in no accessible biographical dictionary, but he seems to have been born about 1787, and to have spent his early years in New Lebanon, N. Y.

Of himself he says:

"At the age of seventeen years, convinced of the inestimable benefits of reading useful books, I anxiously desired that they might, if possible, be extended to the great mass of the human family; and endeavored to discover some effective plan for this purpose. Indigence, which in most nations involves the majority, appeared to present the greatest obstacle. Hence the suggestion occurred that governments, or associations of individuals, might promote the object by establishing, in various districts, *free circulating libraries*, to be equally accessible to all classes and sexes without discrimination."

This extract is taken from a pamphlet published at Ballston Spa, N. Y., in 1817, whose title reads: 'The Intellectual Torch; developing an original, economical and expeditious plan for the universal dissemination of knowledge and virtue; by means of free public libraries. . . . Second edition, revised by the author.' The first edition seems to be unknown, but there is reason to believe that it was the pamphlet entitled 'The Intellectual Flambeau, demonstrating that rational happiness and virtue exist with the dissemination of philosophy, science and intelligence,' Washington, 1816.

It is of no little interest to find Torrey, then thirty years old, urging the same arguments for the establishment of free public libraries as were brought forward by the advocates of the Ewart Act in 1850, and in the Report of the Trustees of the Boston Public Library in 1852. For example, it was contended in Parliament that the cost of libraries would be repaid through the decrease in crime which would follow their inauguration. Torrey, in a preliminary address, "To the people of the United States," says that

"He has long cherished a decided confidence that if the community would appropriate as much wealth to the instruction of the rising generation as is now devoted to the punishment of crimes, the desired object would be attained, and human misery averted, to a much greater extent. The plan here proposed for the general diffusion of knowledge through the medium of FREE LIBRARIES, has been submitted to the consideration of several of the most eminent statesmen and philanthropists in the United States, and received their unanimous and cordial approbation."

In the body of the pamphlet his principal argument is one on which the Boston Public Library trustees laid special emphasis. He says:

"But the education of youth should not cease with the expiration of their attendance on public schools. The chasm between this period and that of their *corporeal* maturity contains many stumbling blocks and dangerous snares. The art of reading, without books to read, is to the mind, as is a set of good teeth to the body, without food to masticate; they will alike suffer the evils of disease, decay, and eventual ruin."

"Intellectual cultivation is the basis of virtue and happiness. As mental improvement advances, vice and crimes recede."

Turning to consider the means by which he proposed to effect the establishment and maintenance of these institutions, it is apparent that Torrey realized the necessity of legislative aid, and in this shows an advance over such of his own contemporaries as believed that men appreciated only those things for which it was necessary to pay.

"If our constitution does not now authorize measures which are likely to produce the greatest possible benefit to the country, and security to its liberties, it ought *without delay* to be so amended that it should.

"Let American Legislators, both national and sectional, perform their duty to their country, and its posterity; and to mankind, by listening to the wise counsels of many conspicuous living sages, and pursue without hesitation the inestimable '*parting advice*' of George Washington, Benjamin Rush, Samuel Adams, and other departed friends and patrons of man; and establish public schools, and judiciously selected free public circulating libraries, in every part of the Republic. And as all men are vitally interested in the universal dissemination of knowledge and virtue, let all classes combine their influence and means, in aiding the cause of human happiness."

Further on in the pamphlet he has some short "essays on the use of distilled spirits" which seem to be of an earlier date than the 'Intellectual Torch' itself. In one of these, entitled "Phenomenon of extracting the greatest good from the worst evil," he advocates the rather novel scheme of raising sufficient funds "by a liberal system of duties on ARDENT SPIRITS, for the universal establishment of free LANCASTRIAN SCHOOLS, AND FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES."

"For this purpose, as well as to discourage intemperance, we earnestly recommend that a duty of fifty cents per gallon be imposed upon all spirituous liquors manufactured within the United States;—and one dollar per gallon upon all wines and spirituous liquors, which shall be imported:—the monies accruing from the duties on domestic liquors, to be appropriated to the establishment of free Lancastrian and common schools, and free circulating libraries, in the respective districts in which the taxes shall be levied and collected:—and the duties on imported liquors to be applied to the same purpose, in such manner and place as the wisdom of Congress shall suggest."

The pamphlet also includes "A Serious Address, to the rising generation of the United States," in which the author advises: "De-

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vote the most of your evenings and leisure hours to mental improvement and reading. Read the life of the celebrated Franklin and follow his advice. But beware of the Syren snares of NOVELS."

Torrey included an appeal for free public libraries in his 'Moral Instructor,' Ballston Spa, 1819 (2d ed., Albany, Nov., 1819; 5th ed., Philadelphia, 1825). His other works, so far as I have been able to discover, were 'A Portraiture of Domestic Slavery in the United States: with reflections on the practicability of restoring the moral rights of the slave; . . . and a project of a Colonial Asylum for free persons of colour,' Philadelphia, 1817 (a second edition was published in London in 1822, with a preface by William Cobbett), and 'The Herald of Knowledge; or, An Address to the Citizens of the United States, proposing a new system of National Education,' Washington, 1822.

Whether the reformer gave up his schemes at thirty-five to devote himself to his profession exclusively, or whether he died then, I have been unable to discover; but further than these pamphlets he seems to have left little trace of himself, and he certainly never achieved any considerable fame. In more than one point he was a generation in advance of his time, and deserves at least to be remembered and to find a brief recognition in the history of American education and librarianship.

FREDERICK J. TEGGART.

THE CORONATION FESTIVAL AT AMSTERDAM.

AMSTERDAM, September 5, 1898.

The close union between the House of Orange and the Dutch people is one of the great underlying facts of their history. The roots of this alliance of intellect and affection penetrate religion, politics, and all common hopes and fears for the country's weal. When William, "the Father of the Fatherland," appealed to the nobles to resist Philip II., he found them uncertain, treacherous, weak; appealing to the burghers, he found them jealous of each other and unable to sink minor and local interests in the general good; appealing to the people, he found them true. Even before lawyers and men of precedent and parchment could discern the fact, the Netherlands people as a unit, despite their manifold differences and their political comminution, saw and felt that they were a nation. Throughout all the variations of Dutch politics, the people have held gratefully and affectionately to their stadholders, the five Williams, with Maurice and Frederick Henry, and to the three Williams—kings of the kingdom which fulfilled the hopes of the republic. For the sake of the superlative services of "Father William," the people have forgotten and forgiven the many faults of their Orange rulers. To-day, when youth, beauty, winsome character, the hopes, for good government not only, but even for a continuance of the direct line of the House of Orange-Nassau, all unite in Wilhelmina, the popular joy knows no bounds. Every one is now an "Oranje-klant." It is very nearly fifty years (1849) since there was a coronation, or rather a royal inauguration, in Holland. Then, King William III., father of the royal maid of to-day, assumed the crown, and in the Nieuwe Kerk swore to maintain that constitution which veils republicanism under the fiction and forms of monarchy.

I reached Holland on Queen Emma's birthday, August 2, and was in Amsterdam on August 31, when the carillon of the Palace belfry was playing the Wilhelmus Lied, in honor of Wilhelmina's eighteenth birthday. In every city the decorations are lavish, and the services, processions, and festivities generally participated in; but in the great city on the Y, I have to-day seen a striking object-lesson of the love between sovereign or chief servant and the people. The train bearing mother and daughter left The Hague, the residence of the court, for Amsterdam, the real seat of government, at 1:29 P. M. In little over an hour the boom of cannon announced safe arrival. From the great Dam square, since quite early morning, the military had kept back the constantly increasing crowds which filled the sidewalks and the seven streets opening into the space, where had once been the castle of Amstel's feudal lord. To-day, except the posts for banner and festal trophy, there was only the hidden monument of 1830, now transformed, from the reminder of a civil war that rent a kingdom in twain, into a lovely mass of gilt, flowers, purling water, and emblems of peace and weal. These are all surmounted by the Lady of the Dam with the fasces of order and the fruits of the earth in her gift-laden hands. The admirable accommodations furnished the foreign representatives by the Netherlands journalists, including a platform built on the top of the old military commandant's house, exactly facing the Palace, enabled me to see everything in the best way. The pike and matchlock men, arrayed in the garb of the days of Maurice and Hohenlohe, as gay in color as wasps or dragon-flies, performed the evolutions of attack and defence while in waiting. The East India princes rode into the square. The marines and sailors took their posts. Between 3:10 and 3:25 P. M. the interest culminated, when, after the military, numbering on horse and foot probably 1,200, had massed in close order, the royal personages appeared. The Queen Mother was arrayed in heliotrope, and the daughter—queen of all hearts—in white. Smiling, bowing, waving her handkerchief, she rode around the square, and alighted at one of the many doors, of equal size and dignity, which give entrance into that splendid republican city hall, built in 1648, and now serving poorly the purposes of monarchy. However, the Queen's portal was marked by a baldaquin of crimson velvet fringed with gold. A few minutes later the royal lady in white reappeared on the balcony, and again made salutation to the civic and military forces, and to those privileged spectators who made every window facing the Dam a frame enclosing living pictures.

Then came the episode which was in itself impressive and, in the light of the Fatherland's history, true to all the past. With admirable celerity and order, the military filed out and again the great square was vacant. A few minutes more, and at the signal given, joyously, but with deliberation, the crowd moved forward to the Palace. The seals upon the seven streets were loosened, and within three minutes vacancy had given way to a myriad of human beings. There were the people of Holland. Before them stood on the balcony the lovely figure in white again. The Queen was with her own people. "Excess of joy weeps." Amid huzzas and songs and waving handkerchiefs and flags, were not a few dim and flowing eyes. The child of all hopes, the woman who incarnated to them the stirring memories of mighty events and great leaders, was before her people. Thenceforward, merrily, often with boisterous fun, but happily and innocently, the populace had the day and the night for themselves. It was long after morning hours had begun that silence reigned in Amsterdam.

SEPTEMBER 6.

Inauguration morning dawned with carillons from church spires, and the thunder of cannon, but the skies were cloudy and the air chill. Yet when did "the sun of Orange" fail to shine? Fortunately, not only admitted within the Nieuwe Kerk, but having a capital seat immediately over the middle aisle and in direct line from the throne-chair, I passed the hour of waiting pleasantly in watching the dignitaries and incomers of many nations as they proceeded in their gorgeous array to their assigned positions. In this New Church, built in the fourteenth century, but several times renovated, the three previous kings were "inaugurated"—for Dutchmen, as a rule, prefer this term of republican suggestion rather than that of "coronation." As matter of fact, in the actual ceremonies, the representatives of the nation and the people had very nearly the same place and dignity as the sovereign or chief servant of the Netherlands herself. The throne-chair was presented, as the tarnished silver-embroidered inscription in the back shows, by the Russian Princess Anna Paulovna, who married into the House of Orange, and whose name is happily associated with noble trees and fertile polders. Beside the chair on which W was wrought in gold, was one to the left for "the king's widow," Emma. In front, on a table, lay the crown and the cross-topped sphere, emblem of empire, and, between the two, a written and a printed copy of the Grondwet, or Constitution. On the church walls were set coats of arms of the eleven provinces of the Netherlands, with a great band in orange and gold running round nave and transepts, containing, in its original old Dutch, a stanza of the Wilhelmus Lied. The music of this stirring national anthem, written by Van Marnix, is now heard on all the streets, and has echoed down the centuries from the days when the trumpeters of the triumphant republic blew its notes in defiance or victory. Its words contain the whole philosophy of the eighty years' war, when a people who would have no monarch that was not also a servant, and who by law had only counts, but no king, rose in arms against Philip II. of Spain, false claimant to a throne that did not exist. Prince William led a people to triumph, organizing success out of defeat. Between the arches in the church hung fine brocade of orange color crusted with gold-embroidered orange fruit, leaf, and blossom. On the magnificent brass screen which separates the tomb of De Ruyter and the old place of the high altar of pre-Reformation days, hung Oriental stuffs of richest texture blazing with the motto of Father William and of the Dutch nation, *Je maintiendrai*. To-day, it is a fair maiden of eighteen who "will maintain." A new colossal window, the gift of the nation and but recently finished, depicts on two lines of pictures the glory of the House of Orange from the Pater Patriæ to Queen Emma (in her favorite heliotrope modern costume). The two lowest designs

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show in allegory the founder and his people and the angel of constitutional government handing Queen Wilhelmina, who rests one hand on the Bible, a copy of the fundamental law of the Commonwealth.

As a spectacle the inauguration could leave little to be desired. The edifice was furnished with raised seats and tribunes high in air; and in the lofty organ gallery and passage under the clerestory were clouds of witnesses. Beauty and splendor filled the house. The proofs of human achievement and of princely and governmental favor were abundant on many breasts. But besides the diplomatic corps, the honored guests from afar, and the dignitaries of the home land, it was noticeable in what an honored place the members of the national Legislature sat, and how important a share they had in the actual solemnities.

At 10:50 the cheering without announced the coming of the late regent, the ever good and wise mother, Emma, with her chamberlains and ladies in waiting. All rose to greet her with sincere homage. She entered by the middle door and aisle, and took her place on the chair on the dais, while around her were grouped the vassal princes of the East Indies, in their turbans and gold-encrusted coats, and various dignitaries from The Hague. At eleven, with music within and cannon thunder without, the white Queen enters. Tall, fair, with the features of the lineage of the stadholders and kings of her line unmistakably stamped on her sweet face, she is arrayed in snow-white dress, with diamonds glistening on her head, neck, and bosom. Across her breast she wears the ribbon of Orange, and orange blossoms deck her hair. Her robe of office is of crimson velvet, with ermine cape. Its folds gracefully arranged, and her loyal servants about her, completely filling the great platform, her banner-men holding the silken symbols of her house and her kingdom, she begins to read her address. All, even Emma, have bowed in homage to her. With clear, strong voice, with intonation and stress simply perfect, she reads so as to be heard and enjoyed all over the vast edifice. The address is her own personal composition, but slightly altered from its original draft by the mother-Queen, and quickly approved in the States-General. She glories in her inheritance. She is proud of her people and their mutual love. She will follow the good example of her father, King William III. So far as in her power lies, giving her strength by day and night, she will maintain law, freedom, her country's fair name and right. "So help me God," are her concluding words, as, with eyes and hand and voice raised to Heaven, she makes her prayer.

Then follow the pledges of mutual faith, and, first, she makes solemn, personal oath to obey the Constitution. Each of the members of the States-General, of the First and Second Chamber, is then called on in turn, and swears his allegiance to the Queen as constitutional sovereign. According to faith and scruple, Christian, Roman, Reformed, Mennonite, and Hebrew, swear or affirm, with variety of word and form, most of those making covenant lifting up the fingers in sign of the Trinity.

The mutual compact of mutual service is over. There are salutes and cheerings by the whole audience, with many a *Vive* and *Leve de Koningin*, and a snow-storm of waving, plumed white hats. The organ crashes, banners dip, and a wave of rapture fills all hearts. Then begins the melting away of the vast concourse. The assigned officers move to their duty of escort to the Palace, whence and to which her Majesty will walk in the sight of her people, the Queen Mother riding. Wilhelmina will not ride in the wonderful golden coach which poor people by myriad subscriptions have bought for her, until she is married. With bowed heads toward Queen Wilhelmina, the gold-breasted officers sidle off. During all the ceremony the banner-bearers alone kept their hats on. Now, they dip the standards, the orange, the lion, and the tricolor, but they neither bend their heads nor make sign of homage, and go out even with backs to royalty. The significance is plain. Supreme, above all, ruler and people, is the flag. Honor to Orange, glory to Holland, supreme obedience to Nederland! Happy omen: "the sun of Orange" parted from the clouds in mid-morning, and the happy inauguration-scene took place in the full splendor of Heaven's light.

The illuminations on land and water, the fire-works, the historical pageants, the popular sports, competitions, and felicitations, the music, the art, the congresses and exhibitions, are all worthy of notice, but my space is already overrun. For a fortnight there will be rejoicing. May the "joyous entrance" and the solemn inaugural of 1898 begin a long and happy reign that shall increase the sum of human happiness in the Vaderland and in the world. W. E. G.

DEMOLINS'S FRENCH OF TO-DAY.

PARIS, September 9, 1898.

M. Edmond Demolins has acquired some reputation by the publication of a book which has for its title, 'What Are the Reasons for the Superiority of the Anglo-Saxons?' It has had several editions already, and has been translated into English as well as German.* It is pleasing to the English to learn why they are a superior people, though it is hardly necessary to find reasons and to argue in such a matter: the reason given by the lion in the fable of Phædrus is perhaps sufficient: "Quia nominor leo." As for the Germans, they were probably curious to see by what arguments a writer belonging to the Latin races proved the relative inferiority of these races.

Encouraged by his success, M. Demolins has begun an ethnographical study of the French people. His volume, which has recently appeared, 'Les Français d'aujourd'hui: Les Types Sociaux du Midi et du Centre,' is far superior to his first work, as it does not dwell in generalities, and deals more with precise facts.

"I should like," says the author, "to make people understand, and with scientific certainty, how are fabricated, for instance, an Auvergnat or a Norman, a Provençal or a Champenois, a Tourangeau or a Corsican, etc.; how and why they differ. I shall show that they are the product of constant causes which it is possible to analyze exactly, and the principal of which, the deepest, is the nature of the land and of the occupation. I do not say that these are the only factors; there are many others, but they are all more or less influenced by these, not because they have less value in themselves, but because there is in the social organism, as well as in the animal organism, a law of subordination of the organs. It is not always the noblest organ which acts most decisively on the general temperament."

That there exist well-defined social types in a large country cannot be denied. It is a long time since Élie de Beaumont and other geologists showed that the geological character of the land had much to do with the character of the rural population. The inhabitants of Brittany or of Auvergne must differ from those of the basin of the Seine or of the Loire. The question of race must, however, be considered by itself. Race influence has never been so much analyzed as in our time, and it would appear to be quite independent of the geological and geographical conditions of a country.

M. Demolins does not dwell on race; he confines himself to considerations which have nothing to do with the laws of heredity. His object is limited: he tries to prove that there are social types connected with the state and necessities of agriculture and commerce. He is a follower of Frederick Le Play, whom he considers the founder of a new social science. Le Play wrote a series of monographs on the European workmen, and founded a society which is still in existence, and which is devoted to the study and accurate description of all economic facts. Le Play's method was completed by Henri de Tourville, who wrote instructive memoirs on the classification of social facts.

The first types which M. Demolins describes in his interesting book are those connected with pastoral life, in the Pyrenees and in the Alps. In the high valleys of these mountains, there is found nothing but grass, and cultivation is almost impossible. The inhabitant of these valleys is of necessity a shepherd; while the land is appropriated in the lower valleys, it remains common in the high valleys. This simple fact creates two different types of civilization. In the region of Cauterets, in the Pyrenees, the communism of the grass-land is so well marked that it persists not only among the members of the same communes, but also among the members of seven neighboring communes. More than 10,000 hectares of pasture-land remain undivided. We find the same state of things in the valley of Ossau; there are syndicates, constituted by the delegates of the associated communes, which make rules for the shepherds. Pastoral life has therefore for its natural consequence communism in life and in property; and these react on the state of the family. In the great highlands of Central Asia and of Africa, the pastoral life has created a pastoral family, thus organized: a chief, a patriarch, retains near himself all his sons, brothers, uncles, nephews, married or unmarried, as well as the women who have renounced marriage. In the Pyrenees and Alps the pastoral organization of society is somewhat affected by the law and also by the culture of some parts of the valley; but, as Le Play says, "public opinion has maintained in some localities an organization very different from what is seen in the greater part of France. The domain of the family, preserved in its integrity from generation to generation, unites, in a complete community of existence, all the members who have not established themselves far away."

There is not much room left in Europe for purely pastoral life; a constant emigration takes the inhabitants of the Pyrenees to the Argentine Republic, where they find the immense grass-lands of the Pampas. These emigrants travel in groups, they organize

* 'Anglo-Saxon Superiority. Par E. Demolins.' New York: Scribners.

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themselves into associations or syndicates, and they come back to the mother country as soon as possible.

The name of "Causses" is given to the high plateaux which occupy the greater part of the ancient provinces of the Gévaudan and the Rouergue (formerly the departments of the Lozère and the Aveyron). These highlands are flat and have an altitude of 800 to 1,200 metres. The soil is calcareous and very dry in consequence. Millions of sheep (and of sheep only) live on these highlands. The population is very poor, and is still attached to the social system of family community; but here the community is very wretched, with no power of expansion and no means sufficient for distant emigration. The bishops were long the only masters of the "Causses," and the reaction against ecclesiastical power was particularly strong in these provinces, which became for a long time a stronghold of the Huguenots at the time of the wars of religion.

The Auvergnat is a very well defined social type; it is, more than the preceding ones, detached from the pastoral art and from the community principle. The Auvergnat has created for himself resources unknown to the inhabitants of the Pyrenees, the Alps, and the Causses. There are, in reality, two distinct types of Auvergnats. One, represented by the aged parents, the heirs and the members of the family who stay at home, perpetuates the pastoral and communistic tradition; it is the type of the past and it tends to decline. The other is represented by the children who emigrate to the cities; it is not jealous of the heirs of the land, because it succeeds in creating for itself new resources by its labor and economy. It is interesting to observe that the Auvergnat, when he ceases to live a pastoral life, does not betake himself to agriculture or to industry, but to commerce or to certain liberal professions. His avarice is proverbial. He sometimes becomes rich, but the original formation of the type has not developed in him the love of comfort, the habits of an elegant life; his instincts remain narrow and almost sordid.

M. Demolins includes in a second zone, in which fruit-trees are cultivated, several other types; and he distinguishes in it several regions, the two most important being the region of the olive tree and the region of the vine. The olive tree has helped to create the Provençal type and given ease and wealth to the lower basin of the Rhone. Provence is essentially a land of small estates, as the culture of fruit-trees requires constant care and little capital and no costly agricultural implements. Life is easy in the South, in that part of it which Daudet has so well described. The family tie is so strong, notwithstanding the law, that children always recognize the eldest son, who remains the representative of the community. Municipal life is very active; you will find in every village the forum and the agora. Political passions are, in consequence, extremely ardent, and every man feels himself an orator. Thiers, Gambetta were good types of the *Méridional*.

In the hilly region of the vine M. Demolins finds the types Tourangeau and Gascon-Armagnac, which he describes with minute details. Here again property is very much divided. The vine creates spontaneously the type of the small proprietor, a man of limited ambitions, envious of all superiorities, critical. Rabelais, Paul Louis Courier were Tourangeaux.

As a general rule, valleys constitute regions where property is much divided, and tablelands a region of large estates. M. Demolins follows this analysis in the valleys of the Rhone, the Garonne, and the Loire, and their affluents on both sides of the flat regions which separate the valleys. Valleys are considered as the high roads of civilization, but, in fact, the valley populations have remained in a more primitive state than those of the table-lands. They ignore progressive methods; they have no great efforts to make; their physical and their intellectual energies are not so great. In old times the table-lands were chiefly covered with forests; in the eleventh century France was still almost as much wooded as in the time of the Gauls. Agriculture has taken possession of a part of this great domain, but it can be said that the forests occupy still about a third of the territory. The region to the south of the Loire was more rapidly conquered than the regions of the north. M. Demolins devotes special chapters to the region of the Landes, where the social type issued from the communistic system, and to Brittany. In this last province he takes into account the race as well as the geological and climatic conditions of the land, and this chapter is one of the best in his work.

His conclusions are not cheerful. He finds, on the whole, the social state of the south and of the centre of France unsatisfactory. This social state develops, in his opinion, an egotism which conceals itself under the mask of solidarity; it favors the development of a class which lives on the budget, at the expense of the laborers, and thus "the South insensibly pushes France in the direction already pursued by Greece, Italy, and Spain, namely, the direction of downfall." France of the North has very different characteristics, which M. Demolins intends to analyze in another volume.

Correspondence.

MILITARY MATHEMATICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an editorial of recent date, on "How to Do It and How Not to Do It," occurs this sentence, characterizing Gen. Kitchener's campaign: "It was a masterpiece of mathematics that Kitchener executed, as fine a bit of scientific application of means to ends as ever Moltke exhibited."

It will be interesting to compare with this the following tribute to Moltke's unerring prevision and remorseless precision, given by Zola in 'La Débâcle':

"Un terrible homme, ce général de Moltke, sec et dur, avec sa face glabre de chimiste mathématicien, qui gagnait les batailles du fond de son cabinet à coups d'algèbre!"—Yours, etc., A. H.

WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY,
September 16, 1898.

Notes.

E. P. Dutton & Co.'s September and October list embraces 'Through Armenia on Horseback,' by George H. Hepworth, D.D.; 'Great Thoughts from the Great Writers'; 'Life's Roses,' a volume of poetical selections; 'Songs of Destiny, and Others,' by Julia P. Dabney; 'Book of Cats,' a discourse with many original drawings, by Mrs. W. Chance; and the Falstaff Edition of Shakspere in 34 volumes, to be sold separately.

Macmillan Co. add to former announcements 'American Prose Selections,' with critical introductions by various hands, and a general introduction, edited by Prof. George Rice Carpenter of Columbia; a 'History of Philadelphia,' by Miss Agnes Repplier; 'The Shape of Fear, and Other Ghostly Stories,' by Mrs. Elia F. Peattie; and 'Lamia's Winter Quarters,' by Alfred Austin.

Elder & Shepard, San Francisco, will publish a volume of California verse by Marshall Lisley of Santa Barbara.

The three handsomely printed volumes of elegant extracts called 'Thoughts and Words,' by Stephen Dowell (Longmans), are an extension by one volume of the better and more deliberate two, first issued in 1891. The author makes an attempt at classified arrangement, and another at explaining it, but confessedly breaks down in analyzing one chapter, and we for our part can give no brief idea of this medley of prose and verse. The compiler is a man of taste and classic scholarship, and admits little that is trivial or rubbishy except in the ragbag of his third volume, where fable, charade, epigram, and pun mingle with worthier memorabilia. Long excerpts in Latin, Greek, French, and Italian abound; German is wholly neglected. Longfellow and Jefferson alone of Americans are quoted, though Lowell would have furnished some capital canvases for the gallery of "portraits" of distinguished personages. The foreign texts are very accurate, so far as we have scrutinized them; but Bérenger's "Roi d'Yvetot" has been bowdlerized without warning. Swift's name fails to be appended to the extract on p. 331 of volume iii., though it is given in the index. In reporting the "J'ai vécu" of the Reign of Terror, the Abbé Sieyès's *mot* is not assigned to anybody. Many of the pieces are garnished with mottoes, but some opportunities are conspicuously missed, as under Canossa. The work as a whole is intermediate between a reader's handbook, a golden treasury, and a dictionary of familiar quotations. Almost anybody might be glad to own it; those who could best appreciate it might hesitate to buy it.

Sir J. D. Edgar, the Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons, has published a volume, entitled 'Canada and Its Capital' (Toronto: Morang), which evidently aspires to be something more than a guide-book of Ottawa. It is historical, descriptive, critical, and very much diversified altogether. The writer has seen a good many sessions of Parliament, and is also a literary amateur, but the present book has no considerable depth. Its chief value lies in the discursive information which it conveys. The author's comments on everything he touches are so friendly as to lack real discrimination, and what he means by "Swinburnian glamour of musical landscape," the reader must guess for himself. Chapter ix., in which Laurier, Tupper, and Cartwright are consecutively characterized, is somewhat unusual; not from any paradox of verdict, but because one would hardly expect from a Speaker in office his open opinion of the three principal debaters who catch his eye.

Prof. Willard Fiske has now brought out in two editions (or one, with bilingual preface) his promised 'Egyptian Post-Office List in the Egyptian Language' (Cairo), the first attempt of its kind. The arrangement is, first, alphabetical; second, by provinces;

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and a third list "comprises the offices in independent cities, or in places administered in connection with such cities." Telegraph offices are indicated by an asterisk before the class number. The indefatigable editor announces that still another work on the post is under way, and will soon be in the printer's hands.

The German Imperial Postal Museum in Berlin has recently come into possession of three documents of interest for the history of letters and of writing. They are all derived from the archæological storehouse of Upper Egypt, having been unearthed in the tombs of Thebes. Through the influence of Lic. Schmidt of Heidelberg, an acknowledged authority, especially in Coptic literature, the museum secured these documents. The oldest of them dates from the 18th or 19th Dynasty, or about 1500 B. C. It is a writing palette made of wood. On the upper end are two receptacles, still retained, for the two kinds of ink, red and black, ordinarily used in these writings. The lower part of the palette has a kind of drawer attached, in which the writing instruments were preserved; of these, three remain. The second find was doubtless a writing tablet for a child. It is a plain wooden affair, but with four receptacles for ink. It dates from about 1400 B. C. The third find is from the Greek-Alexandrian period, and is also a wooden writing-slate for children. The Greek alphabet is written permanently along the edge, as a model for the pupil. It is a work of the second century A. D. All have been examined by the authorities of the Egyptian Museum in Berlin, and have been pronounced genuine.

The German Palestine Society, like the majority of learned societies in the Fatherland, lacks the funds generally at the command of similar bodies in England, France, or America, and accordingly can do but little in the line of original research. All the better, however, is its work in scientifically utilizing the raw material and finds secured through the activity of others; and both of its publications, the *Zeitschrift* and the *Mittheilungen* (especially the former), are rich in well-digested and critical accounts of what can actually be regarded as safe conclusions in this department of research. One of the best discussions of this kind is found in the last number of the *Zeitschrift* (Vol. XXI., Heft I.), by Dr. G. Rindfleisch, entitled "Die Landschaft Hauran in römischer Zeit und in der Gegenwart." Covering nearly half a hundred pages, the author furnishes a clear report of what is now known with certainty concerning the past vicissitudes and the present status of that historic trans-Jordanic region, so long neglected by the explorer and student. The article is indeed only a compilation, but it is made from primary sources with critical acumen and care, and is a fine specimen of erudition. A special historic chart, on the scale of 1 to 400,000, accompanies the discussion. In the more popular *Mittheilungen* (No. 3), Prof. Brünnow has begun a series of articles on the Hauran, describing his own travels and researches. He states that the chief result of his investigations is that nearly all the ruins found east of the Dead Sea down to Petra are of Roman origin, and that practically nothing of the Moabite period is yet left, the destruction having been the work of the Mohammedan invasion.

In the June number of the *Zeitschrift für die Reform höherer Schulen*, Dr. Julius Ziehen writes on the development of the so-called Frankfort system of gymnasial reform which was established six years ago. It will be remembered that the institution in question differs from the regular gymnasium in the substitution of French for Latin in the three lower classes, the latter language not being commenced till Unter-Tertia, while again, two years later, in Unter-Secunda, a third language, either Greek or English, is taken up and continued, along with the other two, during the last four years of the course. On the whole, this Frankfort experiment is one of the most interesting which these times of educational reform have brought forth, and its success may be inferred from the fact that nineteen institutions in the empire have adopted the system; several cities are planning to do the same, and the Prussian Government has made appropriations for its further extension.

The Cultus Ministry of Bulgaria has published some interesting new statistics on the condition of educational matters in that country. According to this official report, Bulgaria has one university with three faculties, namely, the historico-philological, the physico-mathematical, and the law, situated in Sofia; further, 150 middle-grade schools, of which 9 are full gymnasia and 76 are partial or progymnasia for boys, while 7 are full gymnasia and 37 progymnasia for girls. There are 14 mixed gymnasia for both sexes, one military middle-grade school and 4,481 public schools. The last mentioned are divided along religious and national lines, namely, 3,079 Orthodox-Bulgarian, 19 Catholic-Bulgarian, 8 Protestant-Bulgarian, 25 Mohammedan-Bulgarian, 1,243 Turkish, 16 Tartar, 39 Greek, 13 Armenian, 27 Jewish, 4 Roman Catholic, 3 French, 2 Rumanian, 1 German, 1 Russian, 1 girls' school for foreigners. Of these public schools, 3,079 are maintained by state and church together, the former contributing two-thirds, the latter one-third of the costs, and 1,402 schools are supported by private means entirely. The state budget appropriated 9,188,560 francs for the current year. According to the last census, the population of Bulgaria was 3,309,816, and the report shows that the proportion of schools to the population is very good.

The general report of the Geological Survey of India for the fifteen months ending April 1, 1898, contains notes of the work of the museum and laboratory, the palæontological work, the investigations of field parties, and the publications. The collection of economic specimens has been largely increased, and the type fossils have been rearranged in specially constructed cases. The determination and description of the Burman fossils, under the direction of Dr. Noetling, has been partially completed, and the results await publication. An unexpected and interesting result of the examination of the tertiary Pelecypoda is the disproval of the generally accepted view that the fauna now living in the Indian Ocean is closely related to the tertiary fauna of Europe. Most of the Pelecypoda examined are either identical with species now inhabiting the Indian Ocean, or are so closely related to existing species that the latter are presumably descended from them, while none could be identified with species from the tertiary system of Europe. The inference is that no connection existed between the Indian Ocean and the European Ocean during the upper tertiary period. The reports of the field parties relate to the earthquake of January 12, 1897, and to surveys in various parts of India. The announcement is made that, with the completion of volume 30, the quarterly Records of the Survey ceased to be printed as a separate publication, and will in future be incorporated with the Memoirs.

Mr. F. N. Scott, junior professor of rhetoric in the University of Michigan, began, last year, an experiment of collecting compositions written by school-children of the same class in successive years (for four years), upon themes indicated by Mr. Scott. He now sends out a second circular, still providing for first-year pupils, and asks the co-operation of teachers in procuring the desired material for "a special study of problems of composition." He invites correspondence and suggestions.

A correspondent writes: "As a curious instance of the ignorance of educated Englishmen regarding our country, I quote a sentence from the *Critical Review*, published in Edinburgh, July, 1898. It occurs in a notice of the Life of Dr. J. L. Phillips, and reads (p. 357), 'A remarkable tribute is paid to him by Senator Reed, late Speaker of the House of Representatives of Boston.'"

—Noticeable in the September number of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* are the portraits of Harvard war leaders, and these are supported by such of the Commencement speeches as turned upon the then flagrant hostilities between Spain and the United States. On the eve of investigations of the conduct of the war, these patriotic manifestoes or apologies have somewhat the cheer of funeral baked meats; and, on the whole, one would prefer the honorable distinction of the Class Orator, who "departed from the usual custom of choosing a neutral topic, or at least a topic not likely to arouse bitter feelings," and "selected for his text the wickedness of the present war, and the obligation resting on the class of 1898 to abjure Congress and all his works." This manfulness is made light of by the martial chronicler, who does not reckon it among the "Evidences of Progress" which are his special theme. That Congress was the author of the war nobody can deny, and the sophistication of the endeavor to identify the undergraduate patriotism of 1898 with that of 1861 lay in equating Congress and country. "The grave problem presented to the youth of the University," said its honored head at the Commencement dinner, was: "Shall we enlist in the service of the country?" A little later this becomes: "The Government wants 200,000 men. I am a man, and I am free to go; I will go." In fact, the enlisting was not in the service of the country, which was in no strait or peril whatever, but of Congress and the Executive; and if their call to arms is always valid, then patriotism can take no account of the justice or injustice of a war, of its aggressive or defensive character, and the republic has no superiority over monarchies capable of dynastic wars in disregard of public sentiment or the public welfare. In the melancholy "patriotic" stampede which involved all the colleges to a greater or less extent, we certainly think Harvard's part was creditably reluctant and limited; but we could wish some excuses had not been made, and some moral and historical discriminations not obliterated, at the oldest and highest seat of learning in

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the land—the university of the author of the first series of the "Biglow Papers."

—The first volume of the 'Writings of James Monroe' (Putnam) has appeared, and fully warrants the high expectations of its value and interest. Not that Monroe was a great man. He was not creative, like Hamilton, or destructively critical, like Jefferson, or learned in political theory, like Madison. He was rather a dull, plodding, well-meaning man, who was a careful and patient recorder of what passed before him, but entirely without the knowledge or genius that made so many of his contemporaries statesmen and legislators. His pamphlets on the Constitution were very weak in form and matter. His successful advance in public life was due to his close association with Jefferson. Lacking the ability to be independent, he was easily led by his shrewd master, and became his convenient agent for accomplishing what a stronger man would have declined. His narrow-mindedness made him dogged and suspicious, but bound him the more firmly to Jefferson. He became suspicious of Madison as early as 1787. His suspicions of Jay were pronounced, and were based upon other considerations than the attempt to occlude the Mississippi. He believed disunion was plotted in 1786, and saw in the proposed admission of new States a wish to break down the political preponderance of the South. Gardoqui, the Spanish agent, he could not forgive, and described him as a "subtile and malignant little wretch." In 1788, before the Constitution had become a fact, he says of Washington: "More is to be apprehended if he takes a part in the public councils again, as he advances in age, from the designs of those around him than from any disposition of his own"—a prediction of great worth, according to Jefferson. In this volume, covering sixteen years of Monroe's career, there are 74 letters to Jefferson, 47 to Madison, and only 10 to other persons.

—The letters written when a member of the Continental Congress are the most valuable, because they contain a fairly careful account of the proceedings, naturally colored in conformity with the Virginia point of view. The questions that were before the dying Congress of the Confederation were of high and permanent importance. The disposition and government of public territory, the increasing restlessness of the Western settlements, the failure of requisitions on the States, the rejection of the impost scheme, the regulation of foreign commerce, and the undetermined questions with Spain and Great Britain, were pregnant with possibilities involving the very existence of the Confederation and of Federal independence. These letters are replete with good matter. When Monroe has retired from Congress, and writes from Virginia, his limitations become more marked. He vies with Jefferson in denouncing Hamilton's policy, although finance was to him a sealed book. His criticism of the proclamation of neutrality is almost puerile, and would be a sorry measure of his legal ability. His want of political balance is indicated by his extreme sympathy for France. What could be more remarkable than this comment on Genet's threat to appeal to the people against the Executive? "Of one fact I am well assured, that in case of such an appeal, the people of this State, in deciding on the merits of the controversy, wo'd pardon the errors of the French minister, whilst they would consider those of the administration inveterate & malignant vices." Yet in less than a year after that was written, he was sent to France to represent the United States. The notes of the editor, Mr. Stanislas M. Hamilton, are judicious and restrained. We wish he had used the Monroe letters in the Virginia State-house, and had indicated wherein a letter was in cipher. Robertson's report of the convention debates in Virginia would have given better results than Grigsby's labored and unsatisfactory paraphrase. "Delanson" (p. 27) is probably a misprint for Delaware, and some parts of sentences of letters appear to have been dropped. Thus, on p. 63, Monroe wrote "firmly opposed by 45 & 47," but Mr. Hamilton makes the sentence end with the word opposed. The make-up of the book leaves nothing to be desired.

—The British Museum originated in the anxiety of Sir Hans Sloane to preserve in its entirety the curiosities he had gathered at much expense of time and treasure. To a similar feeling the Massachusetts Historical Society owes its unique and invaluable Douce library, and the Boston Public Library owes most of the eleven special collections in its upper story, which are of unrivalled personal interest. A still more recent instance is the presentation to the Billings Library in the University of Vermont of the Vermontana of Mr. L. E. Chittenden. These works could not have been discovered and secured without a half-century of watching and waiting as well as liberal and sometimes fabulous outlays. Scanty are the fragments now left for future gleaners. Mr. Chittenden's thesaurus is full of historic documents which cannot be duplicated, and has no rival save in the British Museum. There Henry Stevens claimed to have garnered up 50,000 Americana. He once in London showed the present writer how thoroughly that task was performed by pointing to twenty-four pamphlets by Joshua Bates, President of Middlebury College in 1818, and declaring that not half of them could be found in Vermont or in America. It had been Mr. Chittenden's intention to give his collection outright to the university near which his infancy had been cradled. Owing, however, to unlooked-for reverses and obligations in his old age, it became necessary to sell at whatever sacrifice. The Vermont rarities would no doubt have yielded most cash if disposed of under the hammer of an auctioneer; yet, so great was Mr. Chittenden's reluctance to see the "one whole body which he had compacted and fitly framed together" dispersed that he offered it to the Billings Library for $3,500—no more than was needed for the comfort of his age. No money was, however, available from its fund or from the University, and yet it was felt that such an opportunity to enrich State archives could never again present itself. That feeling led individuals to furnish the needed sum at once, and the historical quarry is now in transit from New York to Burlington. It is worthy of perpetual remembrance that the Billings Library itself would never have existed but for its founder's resolve that the library of Mr. G. P. Marsh, so long dean of our foreign diplomats, and among the foremost contemporary scholars in his line, should not be broken up and scattered. Mr. Billings, having purchased this accumulation in Rome and brought it to Burlington, discovered that there was no room to receive it. The University could not afford shelf-room, much less protection from fire. But the jewel could not fail to make a casket for itself—a fire-proof costing more than ten times as much as the gem; for Mr. Billings built an edifice which will accommodate not only the Marsh nucleus, but whatever of bibliothecal value can be expected for a century to come. It is a noteworthy fact that Mr. Billings, having early made a fair fortune in California, earnestly desired to remain there as the head of the State University. In the last years of his life he assured the writer of these lines that he would have so done but for the failure of his health.

—The whirligig of Time brings his revenges. There are certain crimes, like the trial of Dreyfus, which will not down, but perpetually return to plague their perpetrators. Of such were the torture and burning of Savonarola through the alliance between the Holy See and the paganism of Renaissance Florence. It has, ever since 1498, exercised the ingenuity of apologists, and the latest phase of attempted vindication is seen in the quarter-centenary of the martyr's death celebrated by the Dominican Order in honor of one of its most illustrious members. Springing from this is a little book by Father O'Neil, O. P. (Boston: Marlier, Callanan & Co.), the principal objects of which apparently are to prove that Savonarola was not a reformer in the Lutheran sense, and to minimize the responsibility of Alexander VI. The first of these objects is superfluous, for Savonarola's career was cut short before he was forced to recognize, as Luther gradually did, that he could not resist the papacy without discarding the scholastic theology on which sacerdotalism was founded. The second object of the book is not attained, for although Father O'Neil evidently desires to be impartial, the inevitable bias leads to a virtual suppression of unpleasant facts. No one, for instance, would imagine from his pages that the Spanish priest (not bishop, as the author says) Romolino, who was the chief papal agent in the brutal tragedy, was rewarded for his unscrupulous cruelty with the bishopric of Sorrento. It is mentioned, indeed, that he subsequently reached the cardinalate, but there is no recognition of the light which the promotion of such a man throws upon the debased secularization of the Curia. The volume ends with a curious bibliography, including even George Eliot's 'Romola,' but there is no reference to the diary of the *piagnone* Luca Landucci, the most important source of information as to the relations between the Frate and the people.

—A well-informed writer has directed attention very recently in the London *Times* to the industrial revolution which is taking place in Russia. Various causes have contributed during the past thirty years to depress all agricultural interests—such as the investment of a large part of the money received at the emancipation of the serfs in business undertakings, the decline of wages, and the fall in the value of agricultural produce; above all, the great increase of the rural population. This has led to such a subdivision of the land "that the total produce of the peasant holdings would now very rarely suffice for the maintenance of a family." A careful estimate made by Prof. Mendeléeff of the St. Petersburg University

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shows that the total agricultural operations in the whole of Russia could not possibly occupy more than half the available labor. To these conditions is due a remarkable development of village industries. In many places in widely separated districts the peasants have combined together to build a *sviételka*, or factory, for their common use. Here they weave, make furniture, agricultural implements, household utensils, even simple machines, metal-work of almost every description, besides an immense number of articles that might be grouped together as "bazaar goods." Not only do they supply the local needs of their districts, but many of these village products find their way to Persia and Turkestan, and recently new markets have been found for them in China These village factories serve as excellent nurseries for workmen, and in some instances they "are becoming industrial centres of importance, in which hand labor is being replaced by machinery with all the most modern appliances and an elaborate system of division of labor."

TOLSTOY ON ART.

What is Art? By Leo Tolstoy. Translated from the Russian original by Aylmer Maude. Embodying the author's latest alterations and revisions. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

One would wish to treat with becoming seriousness anything addressed to the public by Count Tolstoy—a good man, wholly devoted to the service of humanity, and unquestionably sincere in his opinions. He has now given us his notion of what art is, and of how it will be pursued in the future under the régime of Christian socialism of which he dreams. These ideas are presented to us in a clear and readable translation, and, the author assures us, for the first time in anything like their true form; the Russian edition having been mangled by the censor, who not only refused Count Tolstoy permission to say what he meant, but made him say much that he did not mean. Yet it is difficult, after reading the book, to preserve a serious frame of mind. Count Tolstoy complains that professors of æsthetics and critics of art, "instead of giving a definition of true art, and then deciding what is and what is not good art by judging whether a work conforms or does not conform to the definition," actually try to decide first what are works of art, and then to form a definition which shall cover all such works. It might be thought that all profitable definition proceeded in this manner, but Tolstoy is determined to be rigidly logical, and arrives at such astonishing conclusions as that the works of Æschylus and Sophocles, Dante and Shakspere, Michelangelo and Raphael, Bach and Beethoven, are not art at all, or at most are bad art (pp. 121, 122, 150, and elsewhere), and that china dolls are "works of real, good Christian art" (p. 171), without for a moment suspecting that something must be wrong with his original definition. "What I am saying," he remarks, "will be considered irrational paradox at which one can only be amazed"; and for once the reader agrees.

In spite of the difficulty, however, we shall endeavor to be serious, and to refrain from the easy method of ridicule which our author does not himself always disdain—witness his long description of a performance of Wagner's "Siegfried" (pp. 132 to 137), a great part of the effectiveness of which is due to the reiterated mention (six times in five pages) of the actors' tights. For the development of his doctrine, Count Tolstoy has allowed himself 212 solidly printed pages, exclusive of preliminary matter and appendices, and, while there is some repetitiousness and needless amplification, it is obvious that a book review does not afford space enough for a detailed examination and refutation of an argument of this length. We shall attempt as fair and concise a summary as is within our power of the contents of his essay, and shall then content ourselves with pointing out what we consider to be the author's original error and the fruitful source of many errors and extravagances.

The book opens with a description of the rehearsal of a lyric opera, which the author finds a "repulsive sight," and which, of course, he has no difficulty in ridiculing with the stock arguments of untruth to any possible nature. He also finds the ballet "lewd." But this "nasty folly" costs vast sums of money which might be better spent, and lives of hard work which might be more profitably employed, and all for the cause of art. What, then, is art, and why is it important, and why should it be encouraged at such expense? The next three chapters are devoted to proving that critics and professors have given a great number of conflicting definitions of art, and that it is impossible to reconcile their differences. It is, therefore, time for a new definition. That the end of art is pleasure, and that its aim is the creation of beauty, are especially distasteful doctrines. For what pleases one does not please another; it is a mere matter of taste, and there is no accounting for taste, and so we are left with no canon of judgment at all. "To see the aim and purpose of art in the pleasure we get from it is like assuming . . . that the purpose and aim of food is the pleasure derived when consuming it." We must "put aside the conception of beauty, which confuses the whole matter," and start afresh. We must "cease to consider art as a means to pleasure," and look for "the purpose it may serve." And so we arrive at our definition:

"Art is one of the means of intercourse between man and man. . . . Whereas by words a man transmits his thoughts to another, by means of art he transmits his feelings. *Art is a human activity, consisting in this that one man consciously, by means of certain external signs, hands on to others feelings he has lived through, and that other people are infected by these feelings, and also experience them.*"

So it is printed, in italics, but afterwards it takes the simpler form—Art is the expression (or transmission) of human emotion. The one criterion of what is art, is what Tolstoy calls its infectiousness. If we experience the emotion of the artist, the work is art. The one criterion of the worth of the work of art is the nature of the emotion it transmits. That art alone should be encouraged which transmits emotions which it is for the good of mankind to experience.

After this we have a little history tending to show that all peoples have acted on this principle until almost our own day. To the Greeks beauty was the highest good, and only that art was encouraged which spoke of beauty. To the mediæval mind there was nothing good but the Church, and no art was encouraged but that which glorified the Church. With the Renaissance came an age when men had no religion and the doctrine of pleasure was founded; since then all that we call art is either bad art or not art at all, but an empty imitation expressing no real feeling. Art became exclusive, intended only for the pleasure of a small class.

"The first great result was, that art was deprived of the infinite, varied, and profound subject-matter proper to it. The second result was, that, having only a small circle of people in view, it lost its beauty and became affected and obscure; and the third and chief result was, that it ceased to be either natural or even sincere, and became thoroughly artificial and brain-spun."

Then follows the indictment of modern art. As to subject, it deals with feelings of pride, of sexual desire, and of weariness of life; as to form, it is unintelligible; and, finally, most of it expresses nothing whatever but the desire of the artist for fame or money. Of course the Decadents and Symbolists and Impressionists come in for more or less deserved and very easy castigation, and it was hardly necessary to give pages of quotation to prove that Mallarmé, for instance, is unintelligible; but it is somewhat surprising to find Kipling put in the same category.

Here one begins to suspect that, after all, we have come back to the "question of taste" in another form. For who is to judge whether a work of art really is "infectious"—whether it really conveys an emotion and to whom? The Wagnerite thinks that Wagner has conveyed a strong emotion to him. Not at all, says Tolstoy. This is only an imitation of art. You have not been "infected," only "hypnotized." Besides, your taste is perverted. Is Tolstoy himself, then, the only judge? No. He confesses that his own taste has probably also been perverted, and that while he has learned to see the worthlessness of much which he once admired, he may still take for true art a good deal that is not. Some of the few things still left may also be imitations. The judge is the peasant. How is one to discriminate between the true art and the false? he asks. "For a country peasant of unperverted taste this is as easy as it is for an animal of unspoiled scent to follow the trace he needs." If you once admit the necessity of trained comprehension of art, you must admit that the Decadent has as good a right to call you insufficiently trained to understand him as you have to call another too untrained to understand the art you admire. The peasant is the only judge. What affects him is art; what does not, is only imitation.

"The stronger the infection, the better is the art, as art"; but good and bad are really only to be distinguished by subject-matter. Only that art is worthy of encouragement to-day which expresses emotions tending to "unite men with God and with one another." Our modern art "has a directly vitiating influence, infecting people with the worst feelings and with those most harmful to humanity—superstition, patriotism, and, above all, sensuality," and "the efforts of those who wish to live rightly should be directed towards the destruction of this art." Good art, or Christian art,

"can be and is of two kinds: (1) art transmitting feelings flowing from a religious perception of man's position in the world in relation to God and to his neighbor—religious art in the limited meaning of the term; and (2) art transmitting the simplest feelings of common life, but such, always, as are accessible to all men in the whole world—the art of common life—the art of a people—universal art. Only these two kinds of art can be considered good art in our time."

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Thereupon, with the subject as criterion, we have a limited list of works of true art, including the china doll, and the statement in a note—surely a guarantee of good faith—"I consign my own artistic productions to the category of bad art, excepting the story *God Sees the Truth*, which seeks a place in the first class, and *The Prisoner of the Caucasus*, which belongs to the second."

So we come to the art of the future: schools will be abolished and critics also. Only productions tending to the advancement of Tolstoian ideals of universal brotherhood will be tolerated. "Church art, patriotic art, voluptuous art . . . will be censured and despised." All the rest of art will be considered unimportant. All men will be possible artists, for "complex technique" will be scorned and every one will be taught drawing and singing "equally with letters in the elementary schools," while no man will be paid for his art. We shall be in the golden age again, and "compose a fairy-tale, a little song that will touch, a lullaby or a riddle that will amuse."

Now it seems to us that there are plenty of gaps in this chain of reasoning, and that the conclusions by no means necessarily follow even if the premises be granted. It is easy to see how Tolstoy's intensely humanitarian and utilitarian nature has led him into his position. In a final chapter he pays his compliments to science, and shows that truth for truth's sake is no more to his taste than art for art's sake. Science must preach the gospel according to Tolstoy or be banished.

"One would suppose it to be the business of real science," he says, "to demonstrate the irrationality, unprofitableness, and immorality of war and executions; or the inhumanity and harmfulness of prostitution; or the absurdity, harmfulness, and immorality of using narcotics or of eating animals; or the irrationality, harmfulness, and antiquatedness of patriotism. And such works exist, but are all considered unscientific, while works to prove that all these things ought to continue, and works intended to satisfy an idle thirst for knowledge lacking any relation to human life, are considered to be scientific."

But because one can see why Tolstoy thinks so and so, one is not obliged to accept his logic. Indeed, he has a dim perception that he has given away his case in admitting that "ornaments of all kinds" are good art. He says:

"I fear it will here be urged against me that, having denied that the conception of beauty can supply a standard for works of art, I contradict myself by acknowledging ornaments to be works of good art. The reproach is unjust, for the subject-matter of all kinds of ornamentation consists not in the beauty, but in the feeling (of admiration of, and delight in, the combination of lines and colors) which the artist has experienced and with which he infects the spectator."

Exactly so, but this is as true of all art as of ornamentation, and by admitting ornament to be art he has admitted everything. For it is precisely this "delight in combination" or arrangement which artists mean by art. It is here that we find the key to Tolstoy's original error, to the fatal omission from his definition of art.

That omission is the omission of any mention of form, without which there is no art. Let us take his definition and add one word to it. Art is a human activity consisting in this, that one man, consciously, by means of certain *ordered* external signs, hands on to others feelings he has lived through, etc. Or, in briefer form: Art is the *harmonic* expression of human emotion. This, it will be observed, is precisely Mr. Stillman's definition, on which we commented in reviewing his book, 'The Old Rome and the New.' We then said that, while this is an admirable definition of art as a whole—of the general art principle which is the same in all of the arts—it was not sufficient in dealing with each art separately, because it neglected the principles of imitation, which enters into painting and sculpture; of construction, which enters into architecture; of intelligible expression of thought, which enters into poetry, etc. It is not an adequate and complete definition on which an entire art-criticism or art-philosophy can be based, but it is, perhaps, the best brief definition in existence, and is certainly much more complete than Tolstoy's. What is common to all art is some form of harmony, order, proportion. But beauty is nothing else than harmony, and therefore it is true that the creation of beauty is the end of art. It is the emotion of delight in harmony or arrangement that is the especial subject-matter of art, and therefore it is true that the aim of art is to please. It by no means follows that everything that pleases is art, or that we are left to the "question of taste," with no criterion but the "I like it." It must please in a certain way—namely, by the creation of harmony—and it must please those best fitted by nature and training to appreciate it. Now the laws of harmony are capable of investigation, and some of them are known, and there is a difference in judges. Even Count Tolstoy would not maintain that a man born stone deaf could appreciate music, or a blind man judge of painting, and there are all degrees of blindness and deafness. Neither would he deny, probably, that a new-born child is incapable of distinguishing pitch or color. Therefore, we must admit that there is difference of natural gift and difference of training. The best art is that which, over the longest period of time, delights the largest number of those best qualified to judge.

Of course, there is such a thing as perverted taste, and there is bad art and imitation art, but time will take care of it. Is the art of Mallarmé and Baudelaire in poetry, of Berlioz and Wagner in music, of Rodin in sculpture, and Monet in painting, true art or false, good art or bad? We may give our reasons for thinking either way, but time and the consensus of opinion alone will decide. Were Æschylus and Sophocles, Dante and Shakspere, Michelangelo and Raphael, Bach and Beethoven, great and true artists, or the reverse? Time and the consensus of opinion have already decided. These are the great ones of the earth, the consummate creators of eternal harmonies that stir the souls of all lovers of beauty and of art. Any theory that leaves them out is as self-confessed an absurdity as would be a theory of war that relegated Cæsar and Napoleon to the rank of bunglers.

A SOUTHERN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Led on! Step by Step: Scenes from Clerical, Military, Educational, and Plantation Life in the South, 1828-1898. An Autobiography. By A. Toomer Porter, D.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1898.

Hereafter, no catalogue of the curiosities of autobiographical literature will be complete which does not contain the title of Dr. Porter's book. There is much here to remind us of such famous memoirs as those of Haydon and Cellini, a piety quite as robust and sordid and indelicate as theirs, with all their naïve assurance of divine cooperation. Of course the difference of character and circumstances is wide. Dr. Porter has none of Cellini's vices, but all the virtues appropriate to an Episcopal clergyman; and if his piety has much of the sordidness of Haydon's, it has little of its obvious selfishness. Lowell's intimation in "The Cathedral" that no one has "attempted the supernatural in modern clothes," gets here a contradictory comment. Dr. Porter has attempted that or nothing, and much of the unique attraction of his book inheres in this incongruity. Some of his deliberate attempts at humor are unfortunate, but he is often amusing when he is least bent on being so. Indeed, the humor of his book is a pervasive quality, of so many great occasions has he been a part, so largely does the history of the civil war resolve itself into the story of his personal experience. While it is impossible to question his deliberate veracity, it is difficult to escape from the suspicion that the writer's egotistic imagination has contributed an important element. So much effusion, so many persons of full habit falling upon each other's necks with tearful exclamations, make a severe demand on our credulity, and there are acts reported of particular persons which cannot be adjusted to our knowledge of those persons. Moreover, that some of the speeches which are "quoted accurately" (see Capt. Worden's, pp. 216-217) are constructed after the manner of Thucydides, there cannot be a particle of doubt.

And yet, when every proper deduction has been made, and when the supernatural element, with its special providences and miraculous answers to prayer, has for the moment been set aside, there remains a story abounding in impressive incident, and reflecting many of the most striking aspects of the great struggle in which the North and South engaged, for the destruction of slavery on the one hand and for its maintenance on the other. Dr. Porter was of Southern birth, but of New England extraction. He was born in Georgetown, South Carolina, in 1828. Nothing concerning himself is indifferent to him, and he details the circumstances and adventures of his childhood and his youth with great particularity. That his life was saved by a negro explains, he thinks, in part his devotion to the negro race, the amount of which as disclosed by the later narrative does not appear to have been remarkable. His school-days over, he engaged in business, in the course of which it fell to him to superintend the shipping of a number of slaves from Charleston to the farther South. Some of these slaves had formerly been owned by his parents, and they recognized him and pleaded with him to take them back to the old plantation. In this connection he deplores the separation of married slaves as one of the worst evils of slavery, but in another he declares that to keep them together was a difficult business, so prone were they to infidelity. Coming of age, he entered on his inheritance as a slave-owner and planter, but though he displayed much energy on the plantation, which overseers had long mismanaged, he soon made good the prophecy of his business

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employers that he was cut out for a business man; at any rate, that he was not meant for a planter. He resolved to be a clergyman, and in the event his new calling fully tested his business capacity, and it was not found wanting. His plantation and his slaves were sold, care being taken that the slaves all went to one master. At this point in his narrative Dr. Porter indulges in certain general reflections which are very favorable to the mutual relations of the masters and their slaves. He makes the sweeping statement that, "in all those bloody, awful years from '61 to '65, through all the South, there is no record of a single murder committed by a negro on a white person, or a single outrage or indignity offered to any woman." These facts are offered as "a proof of the manly nobility of the negro," and of the good treatment which he had received. In contrast with the later tenor of events, real or supposed, they offer a serious problem to the sociologist.

Our author's studies and lay reading were soon over, and in 1854 he became the ordained minister of the Church of the Holy Communion in Charleston, and thus entered on a relation which, with some interruptions and vicissitudes, he sustained for forty-four years. The church was in its weak and struggling infancy, and from the beginning of his ministry he appears to us in these pages *in forma pauperis*, a character for which his predilection and his genius were immense, and for the exercise of which his life, especially after the civil war, furnished him with abundant opportunity. Apparently he was never happier than when begging money for some darling scheme. He had every qualification for success. His sincerity was absolute. He believed in his various schemes partly because they were his own, and partly because they were generous and humane. He believed in himself without any doubt or qualification whatsoever. He could appeal to anybody in America or England with a naïve assurance and effrontery that but seldom missed the mark, and what never failed him was a sense of supernatural guidance which, nourished by his egotism, nourished that in turn to a remarkable development. He compares his own experiences with those of George Müller, with his famous Bristol orphanage, for which Müller never asked a cent, but simply advertised his prayers. Dr. Porter pricks that attenuated bubble with his lively pen, and frankly owns that he did not himself trust to prayer alone, but begged right and left where he had reason to expect a favorable response, and sometimes where he had none. As mere coincidences, the timely contributions that came to him when he was in the most narrow straits were certainly remarkable. Again and again he ran in debt in a manner that would have been frightfully immoral but for his confidence in God's protecting care. 'God's Blessing on Improvidence' would have been as good a title for his book as 'Led On!' That element of shrewdness which we often find in the mystic and fanatic was conspicuous in him. Nothing that mother wit could do to help the miracle was left undone. And so the Church of the Holy Communion flourished more and more, and with it various enterprises which for a longer or a shorter time appeared to be of great pith and moment—notably the Porter Military Academy, as it came at length to be called, which in the course of thirty years has educated over 3,000 boys, more than 2,500 of them gratuitously or for a mere pittance, at an expense of nearly $1,000,000, the most of which has been contributed by friends in the Northern States and in England in response to Dr. Porter's devoutly shrewd solicitation.

But the chapters of Dr. Porter's autobiography which will be most interesting to the general reader are those that relate his experiences during the civil war and immediately before and after. He thinks he was "born opposed to slavery." He does "not remember the time when he did not hate it." Secession, also, had for him no charms. Yet when the secession craze swept over South Carolina in December, 1860, he yielded to it as cordially as the rest. He was singular only in believing that secession meant war. The general persuasion was quite otherwise, and great was the depression when it became evident that he was right. It was his distinction to be the only outsider in the convention that signed the Ordinance of Secession. The Washington Light Infantry, of which he was chaplain, were so thoroughly grounded in the doctrine of States' Rights that they refused to leave the State, and a volunteer company was raised, largely from his impulsion, of a more active disposition. Following the company to Virginia, he soon encountered "a typical instance of Confederate mismanagement": a train of sick and wounded soldiers had telescoped a freight train. Everywhere there was the same lack of organization, neutralizing the courage of the men. To these he commended his chaplaincy with a good supply of tobacco and pipes. When every man of his company had his pipe, one of them shouted, "Now, Chaplain, give us some prayers!" and he obeyed. He was the man of business in his piety as in everything else. His ecclesiastical aspirations were not silent in the midst of arms, and in 1863 he felt "peace with honor" to be so near that he asked his people to build a $200,000 church as a thank-offering to Almighty God. George A. Trenholm, then Confederate Secretary of the Treasury, gave him $50,000. With this he would fain have bought cotton. Running the blockade with three vessels out of five, he would have had a million dollars for his church after the war, but he was over-persuaded, and, in order to be patriotic, put the $50,000 in Confederate bonds, which, after the war, brought him $350—just enough to carpet the old church.

Chapter xvii., "The Burning of Columbia," is an eye-witness's account of one of the most miserable tragedies of the war. It would have been strange if this ubiquitous parson had not been in Columbia at the critical moment. He was so, and saw the first bale of cotton ignited by the carelessness of the drunken soldiers. He tells of the people rushing out from the stores and houses with pitchers and buckets of liquor with which to propitiate the invaders. Gen. Sherman told him that this liquor was responsible for all the trouble, but Dr. Porter thinks he might have done more to bring order out of chaos. Dr. Porter's personal experiences were full of interest. Splendidly served by a Federal lieutenant, he made an adventurous journey in his behalf and restored him to Sherman's army. He was sitting at table between Gens. Johnston and Hardee when the former received a letter from Jefferson Davis announcing the surrender of Lee. The great collapse cost him for a time his religious faith. A God who had not given the victory to such Christian men as Lee and Jackson could not command his love or obedience. He fell to reading history, and in a few weeks came to the comfortable conclusion that everything was as it should be.

"Had we succeeded, slavery, which we hated, would have been perpetuated, with the sentiment of the world against us. It would have been a cankering sore in our body politic; it would have been a source of continual strife between the United States and the Confederacy. This would have made a standing army in each government a necessity. This would have revolutionized the form of our respective governments, and in fifteen more years we would have been engaged in a war of extermination, for one side or the other would have to be masters of this continent. God has permitted the wrath and ignorance of men to work His will. But, freed from the incubus of slavery, I believe there is a future for this dear Southland yet, and I am going to do all I can to make it."

All this and more was imparted as soon as conceived to Dr. Porter's invalid wife, unless it has gained something of elaboration in the course of thirty years. So easy a conversion would impugn his previous convictions, were it not for his assurance that he had always hated slavery. He was "still true to the Lost Cause," but he "was not going to hug a corpse," and he made haste to take his oath of allegiance to the Federal Government. A year had not passed from Lee's surrender before he was in New York economizing his new-fledged loyalty for the benefit of a Diocesan Theological Seminary, and a colored school which was certainly a convenient rider, and may have been something more. A prominent Unitarian headed the list of generous subscriptions, and the United States Government conceded its Marine Hospital in Charleston for the colored orphanage. Later it loaned and afterwards gave the United States arsenal to Dr. Porter for the uses of his academy. Incidentally he enjoyed much personal advantage and consideration.

This book will not make the same impression upon all. Some will be more impressed by the supernatural element than others who will argue from it that, to a sufficient boldness in mendicancy and to a complete self-confidence, all things are possible.

The Wonderful Century: its Successes and its Failures. By Alfred Russel Wallace. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1898. 8vo, pp. 400, with 12 folding diagrams and author's portrait.

Mr. Wallace, in his preface, hesitates to declare categorically the purpose of this volume. He says, "It may perhaps be termed an appreciation of the century—of what it has done and what it has left undone." So considered, it is not a strong performance—is strangely incompetent for a strong man like Wallace. Does it not sound a bit like a school-boy's composition to hear an age criticised substantially in this fashion: "It has achieved some splendid successes, but it has fallen into some lamentable errors"? Of any human production whatever we know in advance that it will have its merits and its faults. What we ask of the major critic is to make it plain to us what the psychological qualities are, and what the experience and discipline have been out of which merits and defects have alike sprung. To do this for the nineteenth century, with the manifold agencies that have gone to make it what it is, is, no doubt, a problem of the most intricate. And yet there is one word that

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goes so far towards formulating the age, and is, at the same time, so obvious, that one cannot easily pardon its omission from the slightest description of the century. That word is Accuracy. To the spirit of accuracy (derived ultimately from the seventeenth-century mathematics, whose ideas the eighteenth had pumped into every cranny of thought) may be historically traced the larger part of the characteristic traits of the nineteenth century, even in cases where these seem to be of quite the contrary complexion. Of this Mr. Wallace tells us nothing. He never so much as mentions even precision in machinery as a vital factor in the evolution of some of our grandest ideas, such as the conservation of energy. The course of events was this: precision in the machine-shops made the application of the steam engine to ocean vessels practicable; the necessity of accurate economy of coal on those vessels stimulated, as their engines aided, the study of the theory of heat; the mechanical theory of heat easily suggested the conservation of energy.

No account of the achievements of the nineteenth century can be considered satisfactory which, like this, is confined to the physical and natural sciences, and the arts connected with them, and says nothing at all of projected geometry nor the theory of functions in mathematics, nothing of the logic of relatives, nothing of psychological measurements, nothing of the ascertainment of laws in the growth of languages, nothing of Egyptology nor of the decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions, nor of the excavations about the Aegean and their results, nothing of the rewriting of every branch of history, nothing of Ricardo and later economists. Nor ought such a description to be confined to science: in poetry, romance, music, painting, our century may claim to have gone deeper than the last. It is not altogether wanting even in improvements in the organization of society. Laws have been reformed, slaves emancipated, education extended, women treated seriously; sobriety, decency, and self-restraint generally, respected and demanded. To talk of appreciating the nineteenth century without the slightest thought of any of these things is so extraordinarily superficial that we are justified in suspecting that Mr. Wallace has not made public his real purpose in writing this book. The only part of it that is really vigorous is an argument of surprising force against vaccination. What the author really proves, however, is not so much the small efficacy of vaccination as the relative importance of other municipal and personal precautions. It is incontestable that a man may die of smallpox though he have been vaccinated ever so thoroughly; while he cannot have the disease at all if he is not exposed to its contagion. A recognition of this principle might save a good many lives, should we have a severe epidemic of smallpox next winter. Mr. Wallace's own conclusions go very much further; but in so far they are not legitimated by the scientific logic of statistics. It is curious, however, that he does show that the great falling off in mortality from smallpox at the beginning of the century was not mainly due to vaccination.

The whole argument occupies about a third of the volume. If this is germane to the professed subject of the work, it is difficult to say what would not be so. Had the author published this chapter as a separate essay, he had good reason to think it would not be read. If, however, his design was to seduce the reader into this chapter by prefixing 150 pages of light, entertaining discourse upon the glories of the century, further covering his purpose by appending some tame chapters on imprisonment, militarism, poverty, and the plunder of the earth, and if he threw in a couple of chapters in defence of phrenology, hypnotism, and psychical research (under which name he really squints at Spiritualism), partly because of his interest in the subjects, and partly to relieve the exceptional character of his chapter on vaccination, then the book has by no means been unskilfully put together.

One word about phrenology. Mr. Wallace claims for this doctrine the substantial support of modern cerebral physiology. This is audacious. No scientific psychologist will for an instant admit that the function of any part of the cortex of the brain can be accurately defined in terms at all resembling the marvellousness, veneration, etc., of Gall. Phrenology has been quite stagnant for half a century, a collapse in our day not at all likely to occur to an experimental doctrine not finally defunct. If it is not dead, let its students publish photographs and measurements of the heads of say a hundred of the men whose characters have become most publicly known and who have lived since the bumps were located, and there will be a mass of irresistible facts that will do more for phrenology than any amount of mere disputation. A phrenologist, Mr. Wallace tells us, said of him, "He is fond of argument, and not easily convinced." A disciple of Lavater might take the face of the frontispiece for that of an ecclesiastic rather than a scientific man, for whom it seems too argumentative. But for that trait, he would have been an excellent statistician. The same phrenologist said, "If wit were larger, he would be a good mathematician." Thereupon, Wallace, in his eagerness to advocate phrenology, remarks, "Most great mathematicians are either witty or poetical; Rankine, Clifford, De Morgan, Clerk-Maxwell, and Sylvester being well-known examples." A man who justly prides himself on ability as a statistician should not have been guilty of that induction. A fair list of great British mathematicians among Wallace's contemporaries would be Hamilton, Sylvester, Cayley, Boole, Smith, Kelvin, and Stokes. None of them were remarkable wits, although two amused themselves with poetry. Of wit Wallace admits his lack. For poetry he seems to have some penchant, since he regales the reader with upwards of fifty elegant extracts, of the taste of which the following may serve as a sample:

"O Lavoisier, master great,
We mourn your awful fate,
But never tire of singing to your praise.
You laid foundations true,
And we must trace to you
The chemistry of our enlightened days."

There is a tolerable index, though it omits more than two hundred names of persons mentioned.

The Encyclopaedic Dictionary of Photography. By Walter E. Woodbury, F.R.P.S. New York: The Scovill & Adams Co. 1898.

The dictionary of photographic terms and objects which has been appearing as feuilleton in the *Photographic Times*, is now published in a handsome quarto, filling a want which, if not urgent, is at least sensible, and will make the book a boon to students of photography. It will at the same time serve as a convenient book of reference for the terms of the chemistry of photography by those who are engaged in experiments on the practical conditions of preparation and development.

Those who can remember the condition of portraiture when photography first became a successful and practical process, will recall the lamentations over the impending disappearance of portrait- and miniature-painters as the inevitable consequence of the new discovery. Art was doomed, it was said, from the moment that Nature gave herself away to a chemical process. The shallow prognostic has not waited long for its confutation, and the highest attainment of photography has served only to show that it has nothing in common with art except the use of a symbol vocabulary. The general eagerness of photographers, especially the professionals, to ticket themselves as "artists," led us to turn at once to the rubric Art, to ascertain how far the book lends itself to the easy flattery of the craft, and it is refreshing to find no allusion to any claim of that nature, or any use of the word "art" except in the barbarous "artotype," designating a form of the collotype—*i. e.*, preparing and printing from a film of gelatine on which an image has been impressed by light through a negative.

The author here and there shows his English education in the use of terms. His definition of "Blanchard's brush" as made of "swan's-down calico" will hardly be understood by the average American, who knows "calico" as a *printed* cotton cloth, while the material for Blanchard's brush is known here as "cotton flannel" or "Canton flannel." Under "Camera," something should have been said to the credit of the inventors of the indispensable portable variety, the perfecting of which has, more than anything else except the invention of the dry plate, made photography accessible to all, and multiplied the race of amateurs who carry the kodak to the ends of the world. The first successful portable camera was the product of an English amateur by the name of Kinnear, but the whole tribe of recent "bellows" and folding cameras now in use and shown in plates Nos. 80, 81, 82 of the dictionary are modifications of a camera invented by Mr. W. J. Stillman in 1867, and originally manufactured by George Hare of London. That the kodak is not mentioned in the Dictionary is probably due to the trade interests of its publishers. This omission, and that of any useful definition and description of celluloid films, the use of which is the basis of the kodak system, are grave defects in a dictionary intended for general use, into which the interests of the "shop" should not be allowed to enter. Of all the recent improvements in photography for travellers the kodak is by far the most important, and no reader of the Dictionary will fail to question it for that subject.

The article on Emulsions is, so far as the most recent form of preparation of dry plates is concerned, very full; but an article is given to a "collodion-albumen" emulsion which was never a success, while the collodion emulsions which, under certain circumstances, are still of inestimable value, are most inadequately treated, and the Dictionary's recommendation should not be followed. The old wet process, though of less practical value than the collodion emulsion, is given full treatment.

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The article on lenses is, perhaps, the most important, and yet is the most defective. None of the most important improvements in lenses of the last ten years are mentioned. The credit given to Dallmeyer, alone of English makers, is beyond all reason. His rapid rectilinear is simply an adaptation, without credit, of Steinheil's aplanatic lens; and Ross's adaptation, equally valuable, is not mentioned. All the most valuable modern lenses—the Zeiss and Goertz series—are ignored completely, while they in fact supersede all the lenses mentioned in the article. The Ross "Concentric," the most valuable landscape lens ever constructed, is not mentioned, though it was the pioneer of all the marvellous combinations constructed with the Jena glass, which now practically monopolize the field of special and rapid work.

The article on orthochromatic or isochromatic photography, so important to-day, is, on the contrary, very full. The term is, strictly speaking, a misnomer—no combination of "sensitizers" or apparatus has ever given the true values of colored objects; the results obtained are approximate only. The references to foreign and non-English experiments and discoveries are too few to impart a knowledge of what has been done in Europe (apart from England), and leave the impression that the author's learning is limited to his own language.

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